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John Freeman
Labour's Old Look

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CHILDREN'S BOOKS

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Lords of Language
V. S. Pritchett

Comments on the Week's News .. 646
The Old Look. John Freeman 649
London Diary. Critic 652
This England 654
The Land of Nod. Patrick O'Hare .. 654
Bloody Harlan. Bernard Donoughue .. 654
The Hero. John Berger 658

ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT
Style and Box Office. A. Alvarez .. 659
The Objective. Deryck Cooke 660
A Day at the BBC. William Whitebait 660
Tory Freedom at Work? Tom Driberg 662
The Ranking Season. Francis Newton 662

CORRESPONDENCE
Patrick van Rensburg, Joyce Cummings, Roger R. Court, Bernard Crick, C. O'Brien, John Hatch, J. Hall, Margaret Bird, Tom Milne, W. Thomas, Francis Mackarill, A. E. Morgan 664

CHILDREN'S BOOKS
The Child and the Animal. Gavin Maxwell 667
Reviews by Arthur Marshall, Cyril Bibby, Jennifer Bourdillon, James Mitchell, James Reeves, Richard Garnett, C. S. Bennett.
Junior Round-up 678

Books in General:
Lords of Language. V. S. Pritchett .. 680
The Red House. Robin Skelton 681

REVIEWS
Counsel for Delius. Deryck Cooke .. 682
Hitler's Secret. A. J. P. Taylor 682
Illuminating Pope. Donald Davie .. 683
Higher Beings. Maurice Richardson .. 683
Brecht and Others. John Mander .. 684
Denial. Michael Ayrton 684
New Novels. Paul West 685

Week-end Competitions 686
City Lights. Taurus 687

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A Foot on Our Chest?

WITH eyes fixed on the summit, Mr Krushchev brushed aside talk of the 'strategic significance' of Ladakh. 'Give a general any situation, and he will find strategic significance in it. I don't trust generals' appraisals of strategic significance.' Wise words in days of press-button warfare. But Nehru presented the other half of the truth when he said:

> It does not make very much difference physically to China or India whether a mile or two in the high mountains belongs to them or us. It does matter very much if a treaty is broken or an aggressive action is taken.

It is this question of China's long-term intentions that alarms India and, indeed, all South East Asia. The very fact that no local issue can nowadays justify a large-scale war may facilitate China's encroachments. If bombing is ruled out, areas of territory not susceptible of local defence may be more safely filched. Chou En-lai's proposals to create a demilitarised border zone by the agreed withdrawal of Indian and Chinese troops 12½ miles along their disputed border may mean that a large area of Ladakh would be quietly absorbed into China. This area is the military key to Kashmir and the concern of Pakistan as well as of India. These smooth tactics present Nehru with a baffling dilemma. A peace patched up to China's specification will increase Peking's 'face' as well as her territory, while Delhi will merely have won a respite. India, the one large Asian country which is neither Communist nor dominated by the US, also has 'face' to consider. All Asia, outside China, looks to Nehru as its champion. And yet it is impossible for India either physically to throw out the Chinese from these extremely remote areas or to refuse the negotiations Chou En-lai now offers. India and China cannot fight, but neither can India, as Nehru puts it, live 'with China's foot on her chest'.

This situation is not of India's making. Those who now attack Nehru for trusting Chou En-lai's friendly promises do not discuss the alternatives. Imagination boggles to think what they would have said if he had organised free India on a military basis, if instead of developing India's peaceful resources he had tried to 'fortify the Himalayas' against a hypothetical Chinese attack. If the Himalayas are not a natural frontier, then none still exists. Nehru has in fact endeavoured to improve on the old British technique of defence by keeping on terms of friendship, supplemented by economic aid, with the frontier peoples in Kashmir, Nepal, Bhutan and Assam. These areas are largely inhabited by tribes with ethnic and religious affinities with Tibet which is now subjugated and being rapidly developed by China. The common-sense solution (which Nehru would have welcomed) would be for India and China jointly to open up and develop the frontier regions for everyone's benefit. If Chou En-lai had wanted it, Indians and Chinese could both be using the Ladakh road.

As the Chinese are now playing it, no such rational solution is in sight. For years now, despite India's protests, Chinese maps have shown extensive areas of India and Burma inside China. The Burmese example has been little publicised in the West. Chinese maps show the whole of Upper Burma north of Myitkyina as part of China, and the Burmese remember that three years ago, after the intrusion of Chinese troops, Chou En-lai made friendly gestures to U Nu—yet would, but for local Kachin protests, have occupied three key villages on the Burmese side of the frontier.

All the world, and not least Mr Krushchev, is asking how far Peking intends to push this expansionist technique. China, absurdly excluded from the United Nations where Formosa continues to cast a 'Chinese' vote, can advance plausible excuses and point out that her tactics are more constructive, even if not otherwise very different from those used on the frontiers by past British imperialists. But such pleas have not much practical relevance. By double-crossing Nehru, Chou En-lai has brought the cold war to Asia and roused against China, not, as Communist propaganda suggests, merely landlords and capitalists but those very nationalist and anti-colonial sentiments which Communism since the war has hitherto so successfully exploited, above all in Asia.

Comments on the Week's News

De Gaulle Ex Cathedra

It seems that the western alliance, like a convoy, must proceed at the speed of its slowest (and weakest) member; how else can one explain the extraordinary meekness with which the Anglo-Saxon powers are accepting General de Gaulle's *diktat* on the Summit time-table? Owing to the General's refusal to allow genuine questions at his press-conference, it is still not quite clear what this time-table is. He refers to a second western Summit (the first will be next month) 'at the beginning of the spring'. Does this mean before or after the Krushchev visit, in mid-March. Possibly de Gaulle hopes to have a few days of talks with Krushchev in mid-March, persuade him to remain in France on holiday while the other western leaders meet in Paris to settle final Summit tactics, and then pass immediately to the full Summit at the end of the month. This is just feasible; if de Gaulle pulls it off, he will prove (and Mr Macmillan might well note this) that in the age of nuclear paralysis, single-minded obstinacy counts for more than megatons. Much will depend, of course, on events in France's 'soft under-belly'—Algeria. Here, de Gaulle's press conference marked a further step forward. He has now conceded the most important of the FLN's demands, that cease-fire talks should include the political arrangements for the referendum; he is also willing to negotiate in secret; the only remaining obstacle is his insistence that talks should take place in Paris—and the FLN would be wise to concede this point. De Gaulle had harsh words for the *colons*: a page had been turned by the great winds of history—it was up to them to write another; 'nostalgia for the past' could not halt 'evolution' in Africa. Change would come 'without France' if she failed to respond. Sensible words; but how soon will the General dare to transform them into acts, in the violent underworld of Franco-Algeria politics?

Progress in Kenya

It is refreshing to see the attitude of mind of the new Colonial Secretary and the new Governor of Kenya in lifting the emergency regulations. The Mau-Mau revolt ended two or three years ago, and the only effect of maintaining the emergency regulations seemed to be to restrict the growth of African political organisations. Few people doubt that there are certain Mau-Mau leaders whose continuous detention or restricted residence is, for the time being, essential, both for security and for the protection of their own lives against reprisals from Africans themselves. Yet it is now recognised that the number still held is far too large, and it is sensible to reduce it drastically. The other side of the emergency powers, the restriction of political organisations, is not being handled very satisfactorily. The Governor is to retain his power to refuse registration of political parties and to prohibit political meetings. Too often this latter power over meetings has been arbitrarily exercised by local officials and is widely believed by Africans to have been used in a discriminatory manner against them. These two powers are now to be amended in a permanent Public Security Bill. There is thus an obvious danger that what has been considered a purely emergency measure will now become a permanent feature in the constitution. It is true that its practical administration by the Governor will be the most important thing in the near future, and we may reasonably expect Sir Patrick Renison to act liberally. Nevertheless, the contents of this bill must be closely and jealously scrutinised, for it will be no liberal advance if the lifting of the emergency is used politically to make permanent the Governor's emergency powers.

The Truth About Laos

The report of the Security Council's four-man team on Laos confirms the suspicions repeatedly expressed in these columns that the hordes of Vietnamese who were supposed to have invaded Laos were conjured up by politicians and strategists in Washington and Vientiane. The team searched for, but did not discover, evidence to support the western headlines or the hectic reports by the Laotian government that the northern Vietnamese had either invaded or committed 'direct aggression' against Laos. The Russian UN delegate, who had opposed the setting up of this fact-finding commission, now claims that the western charges are disproved in circumstances which remove any excuse for an emergency UN force to be stationed in Laos and which should end a cold war incident that American propaganda failed to bring to boiling point. The Poles and the Indians still want the International Control Commission, with its British and Russian co-chairmen, reconstituted: had it continued to function, this incident which has undermined the standing of the Security Council, would not have happened. Has the Foreign Office not yet learnt the lesson that large-scale American arms and financial support to the Laotian government was a provocative policy, that a neutral Laos is a better guarantee of peace than one which is shored up by American aid? When Mr Hammarskjold arrives in Laos, he could usefully suggest that Prince Souphanouvong and his colleagues, now in prison without charge, should be released before they become valuable martyrs to the Communist campaign in and beyond the Laotian borders.

Fall Out the Reserve?

The new regime at the Defence Ministry is causing general disquiet. It is said that the appointment of Mr Harold Watkinson is a sign that Mr Macmillan has now virtually washed his hands of Defence policy and has decided, after the failure of the Sandys experiment, that our Defence problems are insoluble. The official line is that Mr Watkinson is to 'complete' the Sandys reforms; but rumour has it that, to avoid the bitter and almost public controversy which marked the publication of recent Defence White Papers, none at all will be issued next February. There is no sign that any of the really important Defence questions will be answered. Is the RAF to get a successor to the V-bombers? Alternatively, is the Blue Streak missile system to replace the manned bomber? Or—far more likely—are we to get an ineffectual slice of both? Are the Navy's new nuclear submarines to be made the basis of a Polaris-type missile system? All these questions spring from the same basic dilemma. Britain can afford only one strategic weapons system; at this stage it is still totally unclear which is likely to prove the winner; yet, if Britain is to justify her claim to a separate deterrent, the choice must be made. The diffusion of effort which springs from this dilemma has, alas, reduced our chances of securing the one object of the Sandys reforms which might conceivably be defended: the creation of a mobile strategic reserve. Without a vast increase of Army air transport, an all-regular Army cannot maintain such a reserve, let alone deploy it rapidly. As things stand, the Army has no chance of securing sufficient aircraft. The government has therefore two choices: to retain conscription, or abandon the reserve concept

Colonial Development—New Style

The crisis in Central Africa has diverted attention from the Malta problem. Yet the direct British rule which displaced Mr Mintoff's Labour government is rapidly creating a situation in which the Maltese, pacifist as they are, may, like the Cypriots before them, be driven into open revolt. When Mr Mintoff resigned, the British government had promised for his five-year plan aid amounting to £25 million for capital investment and some £5.5 million for current expenditure. In addition, the British government pledged itself to foot the bill to provide employment for workers displaced by major changes in Defence expenditure. Taking into account the cost of commercialising the dockyard—some £6 million—the total would have worked out at some £40-45 million in the next five years. No one was under any illusion, moreover, that the conversion of Malta from a sea-fortress into a successfully self-supporting industrial emporium could be accomplished in five years. Help of the same order of magnitude would have had to continue for some considerable time. When Britain assumed direct rule both the Governor, Sir Robert Laycock, and Mr Lennox-Boyd pledged themselves to hurry on with the reconstruction plans and show Mr Mintoff how to do it. The plans have now been published. They embody a cut of well over a third of the previous promises. Their claim that the plans will secure full employment in Malta is based on an obvious fallacy, which springs from double-counting the effects of the aid. So long as the Maltese were kept in employment their dissatisfaction with the present regime did not come to the surface. Now, an explosion seems possible, unless Mr Macleod uses his visit to make a fresh start.

A New Right of Appeal

The government is to abolish the necessity for the Attorney-General's fiat before a criminal case can be appealed in the House of Lords. For more than 50 years this extraordinary anomaly has weakened the Criminal Appeal Act; but it has never had a worse result, in throwing away chances to clarify the law, than in Sir Reginald Manningham-Buller's refusal to send the Podola case to the Lords. When a Court of five senior judges unanimously decides that the law as to onus of proof in amnesia cases is wrongly stated (by Mr Justice Avory and a distinguished editorial board) in *Halsbury's Laws of England*, it challenges common sense to say that, in the words of the present Act, there is no remaining uncertainty on 'a point of law of exceptional public importance' or that it is not 'in the public interest that a further appeal should be brought' It may transpire that Sir Reginald has earned himself a historic niche as the Attorney-General who rejected not merely the very last but also one of the most interesting and important applications ever made.

News from Our Own Correspondents

Leopoldville

The Trouble Spreads

A Special Correspondent in the Belgian Congo writes: For more than a month now, the Belgian Congo has been aflame with widespread disturbances. No longer is Leopoldville, the capital, the only hotbed: the torch of trouble has moved into the equatorial forests of Stanleyville, where Lumumba was arrested two weeks ago.

Patrice Lumumba is the president of the Congo's only national party, the Congolese National Movement (MNC). A former brewery salesman, Lumumba has the backing of both the Belgian Socialist Party and the All-African People's Congress. His party council contains two prominent Leopoldville Socialist lawyers, and he was elected Congolese delegate to the 17-man 'Independence' steering committee set up at Accra last December. Since then, he has been the guest of the Belgian Socialist Party in Belgium, has discussed the Congo with Nkrumah and Sekou Touré in Conakry and defined independence to an Ibadan University seminary last April. Emphasising self-government as his immediate objective, he has, however, been the only Congolese politician to stress equally the need for unity. While the Belgian administration has adopted a lot of *'Congo Uni, Congo Fort'* propaganda and blessed tribal associations, Lumumba has made it his job to point out the dangers of 'Divide and Rule' and the emptiness of political autonomy without economic independence.

The present unrest in the Congo stems largely from the resignation of M. Maurice Van Hemelrijk in September. His year of office posed all the Congo's problems in movie fashion. Van Hemelrijk not only recognised the force of Congolese feeling but he also agreed with Governor-General Henri Cornelis that the Congo's economic problems were very important. However, Van Hemelrijk would not accept the Cornelis view that the recession was the main cause of Congolese demands for independence. As the differences of opinion between the single-minded minister and the able economist governor-general nearly led to the resignation of the latter, so Cabinet differences led to Van Hemelrijk's passing.

It seems likely that the Belgian faction most involved in the removal of Van Hemelrijk will also be the most regretful in the future. This is Big Business, with a very big B in the form of the *Société Générale de Belgique*. Through its subsidiaries and controlling interests in companies operating in the Congo, the *Société Générale* is estimated to have a stranglehold over 65 per cent. of the Congolese economy. Its best known subsidiary is *Union Minière*, the copper giant.

While Big Business has done much for the Congolese in providing education, health and housing facilities, there has been a determined effort to prevent the workers 'getting ideas'. The library of a new £70,000 mine clubhouse at Kipushi shows this. There is not one book providing anything but pure entertainment. No Do-It-Yourselfs, No Making-Friends-and-Influencing-People. No politics. One leading Elizabethville African Mayor considered that his head-burying in the sands of time would spur non-participants in the benefits of *'Société Généralism'* to rush in and nationalise. Leaders like Lumumba echo the sentiment. And it seems that only Van Hemelrijk could have achieved a *modus vivendi* between Congolese aspirations and economic necessity within the framework of a Belgo-Congolese community.

Another cause of the present disturbances is the length of the election campaign leading to the country's first general elections next month. The ballot was announced in January's Declaration of Future Independence. This is the first step on the road and provides for elected lower councils in rural and urban areas. This is an extension of Belgium's timid generosity in allowing the four largest cities to choose their own councils in December 1957.

In the scramble for political power, three major parties have emerged – Lumumba's Congolese National Movement, Kazavubu's ABAKO, and Essandja's Belgian-backed Congolese Unity Party. They are surrounded by nearly 100 lesser groups. All but Lumumba's are tribal in origin, and the Belgians have actively encouraged them to set forth as defenders of parochial purity. The struggle between new-born politicians and traditional tribal leaders in African territories seems likely to reach its peak in the Congo. Within the six provinces covering 920,000 square miles, there are four major language groups and 200 tribes. Alone among Congolese politicians, Lumumba has recognised the dangers of disunity.

The lower Congo region is the lifeline for five provinces. Within it, the association of the Bakongo people, ABAKO, has its support. Recently, a strike of 24,000 transport workers employed by the state-owned Congo river-transport organisation paralysed Leopoldville and threatened famine in the upper river. Only the Katanga province to the south, and bordering Northern Rhodesia, is not dependent on the rulers of the lower Congo. Lumumba has a working agreement with Abako. His plan depends on his carrying the majority of votes outside the Leopoldville province. He would probably form a coalition with Kazavubu. This obviously depends on whether he can escape rotting in jail.

New York

Erring for Cash

What started out as a mere embarrassment to the television networks has burgeoned into a scandal of such proportions that stock in a corporation sponsoring one of the rigged quiz shows dropped $5.25 a share overnight. Top network executives have been hailed before a Congressional committee like so many suspect civil servants, and the confession of Charles Van Doren has become the number-one topic of newspaper editorials and casual conversation. President Eisenhower even compared the young professor's sin to 'Shoeless' Joe Jackson's betrayal of the Chicago White Sox in the baseball World Series of 1919, which still ranks as the record shock to the nation's moral sensibilities.

Ironically, Van Doren himself has been treated with remarkable, often maudlin, sympathy for a man who not only bamboozled the country to begin with – 'that's show biz,' as the apologia goes – but lied outrageously about it afterwards, both informally and under oath and to friends, press, and grand jury impartially. Although his moment of truth came only when all further deception was impossible, he was praised for his 'moral courage' in making a clean breast of it. Members of the Congressional committee that heard him confess to having made $129,000 from fixed shows, in which he had seen both questions and answers in advance, hoped that he would not be dismissed out of hand by the National Broadcasting Corporation, which had given him a $50,000 job or by Columbia University, where he was a popular instructor. The chairman, Representative Oren Harris of Arkansas, even predicted a 'great future' for him and in conclusion murmured 'God bless you.' When NBC and Columbia let Van Doren go anyway, several colleges came forward to invite his services, and in Minnesota five voters wrote his name in on their ballots for minor county office.

The debate now in progress is whether this widespread indulgence is a symptom of decay or the emergence of a compassion that was notably absent when beleaguered intellectuals tangled with Congressional committees in the McCarthy era and in consequence found themselves blacklisted for years. The difference, according to one columnist, is that Van Doren 'scorned the use of the Fifth Amendment and took his medicine like a man.' Since the Fifth would have got him automatically fired from both his jobs and hopelessly condemned, the argument is forced if not downright disingenuous. Indeed the conclusion is irresistible that while it is human to err for any reason, it is less forgivable to do so for principle than for cash.

Mr Harris's investigating committee proposes now to move on from phony quiz shows to other 'deceptive practices,' and there is the usual flutter of self-policing that characterizes industries under threat of legislative reform. The Columbia Broadcasting System has dropped all quiz programmes featuring lush prizes and sternly, though ineffectually, banned the insertion of 'canned laughter' on the sound track. NBC plans to retain its big-money quizzes but to guard their purity with a corps of former agents of the FBI, a unique precaution for parlour games.

Realists can hardly take these gestures seriously or regard the quiz scandals as anything but a minor, if ugly, expression of an increasingly painful dilemma: how to keep a prodigiously expensive channel of communication free of both government domination and the private promoter's belief that if a '$64 Question' makes a good programme, a '$64,000 Question' is bound to be a thousand times better.

ROBERT BENDINER

Tel Aviv

The Mantle of Elijah

It was a singularly uneventful election with a paucity of debatable issues, except perhaps David Ben-Gurion's plea for a mandate to end the system of proportional representation that had brought 24 parties into the lists, and to replace it by constituency elections on the British model. In the event, the upstart parties, largely the product of the transitory grievances and resentments of new immigrants against old settlers, were swept into the discard. On the whole, Israel's young democracy displayed an encouraging maturity. Nearly 82 per cent. of a potential elec-

NEXT WEEK

Making the Most of Brighton

An authentic report on coffee-bar life

by a BRIGHTON TEENAGER

torate of 1,200,000 went to the polls. Mapai, the dominant Labour party, increased its percentage of the vote from 32.2 to 38.5 and gained seven seats in the 120-member Knesset to bring its representation to 47, still far short of the majority Ben-Gurion needs to push through electoral reform, but more than enough to enable him to impose terms on possible allies in a new coalition. In simultaneous municipal elections, Mapai retained control in Jerusalem and Haifa and won it for the first time in Tel-Aviv.

Of Mapai's restless bed-fellows in the outgoing left-wing coalition, the doctrinaire Mapam managed to retain its strength, largely based on the kibbutzim, and even picked up a sizeable majority of the votes cast by the Attanueh Bedouin tribe in the Negev, probably because of its long-term 'good neighbour' policy towards the Arabs. On the other hand, Ahdut Avodah lost severely, in spite of a vigorous campaign by its leader, Yigal Allon. Mapam could at least differentiate itself from Mapai by its programme of strict neutralism, while Ahdut Avodah may have appeared too 'activist' to an electorate well-satisfied by Ben-Gurion's successes.

Among the other parties, Herut increased its share of the vote by over one per cent. and its parliamentary strength from 15 to 17 seats. At the other political pole, the Communists slumped heavily, losing three of their six Knesset seats. Israel's Arab electorate of 75,000 followed the general trend towards the centre. The Mapai-affiliated Arab party retained its three seats, but no other Arab grouping won.

Ben-Gurion has now ample time and space in which to manœuvre. He may restore the former left-wing coalition, provided that Mapam and Ahdut Avodah agree to accept the doctrine of collective Cabinet responsibility. Or he can broaden the coalition to the right, taking in the Progressives, who gained two seats, and possibly even the General Zionists (although a drift of its membership towards Herut is now to be expected). And if the religious parties are not too difficult to get along with, there may be room for them too. But Herut will remain in the wilderness. If the mixture seems very much as before, it cannot conceal important trends within Mapai itself. Its campaign was energetically waged by Ben-Gurion himself, but his principal aides were not veterans like former Premier Moshe Sharett, Foreign Minister Golda Meir, and Finance Minister Levi Eshkol. Instead, young men like Moshe Dayan, hero of Sinai; Abba Eban, Israel's spokesman in Washington and at the UN for a decade; and Shimon Peres, a principal architect of the French alliance, bore the brunt of electioneering. All of these men are in their marginal forties with solid careers behind and ahead of them. All of them are potential Elishas to Ben-Gurion's Elijah, and there is a tacit rivalry between them for the succession. They will, however, make common cause against the Old Guard if it gets in the way. Theirs is a managerial rather than an ideological approach to the problems of government. 'We are 20th-century men,' Eban says.

At the moment, Dayan looks the likeliest bet. It was Dayan who beat down the hecklers at the new town of Kiryat Gat by threatening to break their teeth for them, and who told the cheering inhabitants of the borderline Musrara quarter in Jerusalem that if there was any more trouble from the Old City a few well-placed shots at the Damascus Gate would stop the Arab buses running. This, of course, was election talk, but it conveyed a lasting image of power and action.

Temperamentally, Eban is Dayan's antithesis. His was the appeal to reason. South African-born, a Cambridge man, he is so eloquent that Lord (then Sir Alexander) Cadogan, Britain's UN representative, once said of him: 'Why, he speaks a remarkably good English!' Eban speaks an equally fluent classical Hebrew that held crowds of thousands spell-bound during the campaign; and with the aid of his charming blonde wife (Suzy) wooed and won the votes of Jewish refugees from Cairo and Alexandria with the Parisian elegance of his French.

Peres's public face is more withdrawn. But as Director-General of the Ministry of Defence he was Ben-Gurion's strong right arm and successfully implemented policies that have made Israel's military establishment the most powerful and flexible in the Middle East. He is reckoned a special favourite of B-G, but the Old Man has not yet bestowed his accolade on anyone. He is likely to wait to see how the young men measure up to office.

JACK WINOCOUR

Westminster

Horatius Hinchingbrooke

If ever I saw Lord Hinchingbrooke wearing an open-necked tennis shirt, my instincts would still make me believe that he was wearing a starched, two-inch collar. His ram-rod backbone, his unbending neck, his stately processional carriage through the corridors of the House suggest that he is the embodiment of stern, aristocratic rectitude; and this impression is not lessened by the discovery that behind the exterior there are easily moved sympathies and a considerable sense of fun.

When he speaks, tablets in hand, from Sir Winston Churchill's corner seat below the gangway, almost invariably in terms of pained rebuke, one expects lightning to play around his head and thunder to point his periods. Certainly one feels the brush of wind on the cheek as time scurries furtively back to the safety and decency of past centuries.

For many years, his Lordship has rumbled from the topmost citadel of his Tory beliefs, warning the Tarquins of his party to keep off the hallowed ground; but this week he not merely came down from the citadel, sword in hand, but looked as if he intended to make a determined stand at the bridge. The occasion was the government's introduction of the Local Employment Bill which will add a very little to the powers already possessed by the government for dealing with pockets of unemployment. The Labour Party believes that these powers in themselves are insufficient and that the government will anyway use them too sparingly. Horatius Hinchingbrooke is certain that the powers are excessive and that the government will use them too much.

What he wants from this Tory government, he says, is a grand recessional of state power; but what he gets is Mr Reginald Maudling, who really believes in some form of state planning, and Mr John Rodgers, who appears to have no very profound beliefs but who reads out whatever happens to be government policy at the moment – a false Sextus, in Hinchingbrooke's eyes, if ever there was one. Indeed one moment in the debate which the Opposition found particularly engaging was when Rodgers, with all the glib assurance of an advertising executive denigrating a product he did not happen to handle, declared that the government washes bluer and that Hinchingbrooke, so far from being a Tory, was in fact peddling old-fashioned Whiggery. At this his Lordship stared disdainfully down, as though some scruffy mongrel was sniffing at this trouser turn-ups. The opposition hoped that Hinchingbrooke would carry his disapproval to the point of voting against the bill in the lobby; but when the moment came for the final stand, Horatius shrugged his shoulders and strode back across the bridge. Better the Tarquins one knows to nod to than a lot of bare-bottomed Goths who might, for reasons of their own, try to embarrass him by claiming temporary acquaintance!

Hinchingbrooke was the only speaker in the debate to raise a question of principle. The remainder of the argument was whether the powers the government was taking were sufficient. There were Socialists, tired of persistent attempts at bribing private enterprise to do what the community wants, who demanded that the state, having accepted responsibility for the unemployed, should use such weapons as state- and municipally-operated factories and direct labour, by which that responsibility could be discharged

quickly and effectively. In this they received indirect support from a surprising number of Tories who advocated direct government action in the field of, for example, transport in rural areas, a proposal which seems to have been crowded out of their recent election addresses.

Then there were the Scots, divided as usual into two camps. One consisted of Mr J. S. Maclay, the Secretary of State, who, in his earnest, scoutmaster manner, patiently explained that things in Scotland were pretty good. The other consisted of every other Scottish M.P. who, regardless of party or principle, insisted that things in Scotland were terrible, but would, of course, be greatly improved if a new factory were set up in his particular constituency.

Finally there were the London members who heard speaker after speaker demand that no new industries should be allowed into the 'vast conurbation of the metropolis' and who rather pitiably wondered how the school-leaving sons of their constituents would ever again get skilled apprenticeships near their homes. Indeed, Mr Ben Parkin stopped Mr Jim Griffiths in full spate, just when he was demanding a ring-fence round London, with this awkward but pertinent query – to which neither Griffiths nor anyone else who is disturbed by London's size was able to give an answer. The present bill certainly does not provide one; but then it is unlikely to provide an answer even to the serious, though comparatively minor, problem of local unemployment with which it is immediately concerned, still less to the far graver problems of unemployment caused by contracting industries, like coal, or by automation.

J. P. W. MALLALIEU

Fleet Street

The New Cold War

The battle of the Poles is on again. Ever since the *Daily Mail* flew Noel Barber to the South Pole, with as much high level excitement as if he were trudging all the way there on foot behind a team of huskies, and the *Express* sneered that the Antarctic was so cosy nowadays that it proposed to offer a holiday trip there as a prize to its readers (no winner was ever announced so maybe *Express* readers did not take the same view of the delights of life at the South Pole as its editor) – ever since this exchange of courtesies, the two papers have been maintaining a jealous, not to say possessive eye on the Polar regions. Now Noel Barber who, according to an intimate portrait study published in (how did you guess?) the *Mail*, maintains a butler and apartments in three capitals when at home in civilisation (*Mail* reporters live high), is off again on what he explained to *Mail* readers in large black type on Monday 'is perhaps the strangest assignment of my career': 'Operation Nowhere' – nowhere being the American base on an iceberg near the North Pole.

But if the *Mail* is 'The Newspaper With Adventure In Its Heart', it has also to be remembered that 'Where There's News There's An Expressman'. So, summoning its resources rapidly to its aid, the *Express* did not waste any time but immediately launched one of its reporters, Michael Cope, into the air to stake out a Polar claim. While Noel Barber, pictured in fur cape and snow glasses, was setting off at dawn to fly to the American iceberg, Michael Cope, in fur hood and snow glasses, was already in the air over the Russian iceberg in those parts. Unfortunately they would not actually let him land ('Ice Floe Russians Bar My Plane'). Instead of inviting him to the camp cinema, as the Americans did Noel Barber, the Russians, who perhaps have not got a cinema with them, turned inhospitable and actually drove trucks and rolled oil drums on their landing strip in order to prevent the Man from the *Express* from dropping in.

On Tuesday, Barber, reporting to *Mail* readers from 'Iceberg T3', had decided to hot things up in 'Operation Nowhere' on the thesis no doubt that wherever Barber is, is the centre of the world. This, he explained graphically to *Mail* readers, was no ordinary polar jaunt but 'a ringside seat' at 'the battle of the Atlantic Ocean'. 'It is here,' he announced gravely, 'that the United States and Russia are joined in a grim, silent cold-war battle – a word that has a very literal meaning here. It is a battle for control of the world's most savage drifting wilderness – that may well be the chief theatre of any future war.' To this spine-chilling story – after all if a Mailman flies all the way to the North Pole in a fur cape and snow glasses readers expect something to make them sit up in their chairs – the *Express* countered on the same day: 'Afloat On The Ice – The First *Complete* Story'. Driven off by the Russians, Expressman Cope had managed to acquire a US Air Force captain, who had already spent six months on the iceberg on which the Man from the *Mail* was just dropping, and was ready to tell *Express* readers all about it. His report was less nerve-racking than Barber's. The only real trouble, he said, was in keeping the men occupied. But they had steaks, turkey and chicken every day and put on a film show every night and life was not too bad – calm and peaceful if cold. Yes, there were Russians somewhere on an ice floe – they had contacted them by wireless and been told that they had 38 men on their floe and some husky dogs and were not feeling too well – 'something they had eaten' – and it was snowing.

It is not only the Polar region that the *Mail* is determined to hot up these days. It now seems to have abandoned its earlier flirtation with the idea of being a somewhat more serious paper with comparatively straight reporting (comparatively is, of course, a key word in this remark). It now seems to be going all out to sensationalise whatever news comes along. Thus alone among the daily press it splashed the riot in Paarl, Capetown, all over its front page with headlines which seemed designed to create the maximum amount of prejudice. 'Armoured Police Rushed To New Cape Violence: African Rioters Fired On: Whites Beaten Up, Their Cars Smashed,' screamed the *Mail* over a long dispatch from its Capetown correspondent. 'Police opened fire tonight on a horde of screaming African rioters who ambushed and attacked white motorists. . . .' Most other newspapers reported the matter much more soberly in down column stories such as that of the *Daily Telegraph*, 'Africans In Road Clash: Woman Banished'. But whether this was because the *Mail* was more indignant than others that Africans should be fired at by the police, more determined to plant in its readers' minds the idea of 'Whites Beaten Up', or whether it was just looking for a violent splash must be left to individual judgment.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

The Old Look

LAST week's elections to the opposition front bench must have been a depressing affair to any optimist who had expected that the Labour response to an unprecedented crescendo of defeat might be a serious effort to present a new and militant parliamentary image. Granted that the trend of the voting was in the right direction; that Mr Bevan now occupies his proper place as deputy leader; that Harold Wilson rightly heads the poll for the other places in the Shadow Cabinet; that George Brown (however regrettably) earns his promotion on merit; that Philip Noel-Baker (even more regrettably) was bound to make way for a younger and more dynamic figure. But when all the allowances are made, the fact remains that barely half the new front bench are men of any real national standing and that the Shadow Cabinet as a whole does not begin to look like an alternative government.

To some extent this is inevitable. It is more than eight years since Labour ministers held office; the giants of the past have gone to rest either in their graves or in the House of Lords, and the younger men, for the most part, have to win their spurs in opposition. I wish I could believe that the new Shadow Cabinet will stand much higher in public esteem a year from now than it does today. The unpalatable truth is that the high reputations and various skills of Gaitskell, Bevan, Wilson, Callaghan and Soskice are not enough: there must indeed be a death-wish in a party which prefers most of the rest of the new front bench to such distinguished talent as Michael Stewart, R. H. S. Crossman, Barbara Castle, Sir Lyn Ungoed-Thomas, Charles Pannell, Roy Jenkins, and Robert Mellish—to name a handful of the more obvious claimants.

The root of the trouble is the method of selection. To entitle the Shadow Cabinet the 'Parliamentary Committee', and to elect its members in a kind of popularity poll, is to ensure the worst possible leadership. There may well be need for a small liaison committee between the party leader and his back-benchers, and that should obviously be elected. But I have no doubt that the Shadow Cabinet should be appointed by the Leader of the Opposition – just as the Cabinet itself is appointed by the Prime Minister – in his unfettered discretion. Only thus will the best team be picked: only thus can the leader, who must of course be elected and can be removed if he forfeits the confidence of his followers, be held fully accountable for the conduct of the official opposition.

To argue that membership of the Shadow Cabinet (nobody in his senses would argue it in the case of the real Cabinet) should be merely a reward for uncontentious diligence or a recompense for years of patient grazing on the back benches, is totally to misunderstand the functions of an opposition. Nor is inviting specialist talent to the front bench on particular occasions an adequate substitute for all-round efficient leadership. For the opposition front bench has the fourfold task of wearing down and defeating the government in debate, of creating the mould in which the party image is cast, of presenting itself as an alternative government and, above all, of charting the main course of party policy.

It is on this last point that the existing practices of the Labour Party show the greatest misunderstanding of reality. Realist and convincing policies rarely emerge ready-made from the abstract researches of committees: far more often they are forged without much design in the clash of debate. The great parliamentarians – in recent decades Churchill and Bevan are both good examples – have always understood that the Dispatch Box is the anvil of policy as well as of epigram. It is in debate that the weakness of a

government may be probed and the needs of the governed most sharply defined; while political attitudes assumed in debate are by definition aggressive and, since they are subject to the most stringent scrutiny, strictly related to reality.

The last time a party suffered resounding electoral defeat was in 1945, when the Tories took an even worse and less expected licking than the Labour Party last month. It is interesting to recall their subsequent parliamentary strategy. The opposition front bench was not filled up with faceless place-men of the 1922 Committee. Alongside Churchill and Eden were to be seen day after day some of the ablest men in Britain – Robert Hudson, Oliver Lyttelton, R. A. Butler, John Anderson, Oliver Stanley, Harry Crookshank – all personally appointed by Churchill with orders, after the briefest period of honeymoon which tactical expediency dictated, to attack all the time. I have not forgotten the tension of rising to answer questions or conduct a debate under the cold, implacable eyes of that row of well-tailored tycoons, who hated the Labour government with a passion and fear which made them dedicated men in their determination to get it out of office and to limit the damage it could do to the world which they saw as theirs by right.

There, I think, lies the clue for the present. For the astonishing re-birth of the Tories and of Tory policy between 1945 and 1950 was not due only to the aggressiveness of the opposition front bench, it was due to their determination to 'limit the damage,' to protect their vested interest in their world. Thus, without the shackles of a lot of inhibiting policy statements, the broad lines of their opposition were coherent from the start: they had no doubt about the strategic bastions of their system which must be defended at all costs if their future lines of advance were to be kept open. On what they regarded as the vital essentials – containing nationalisation, preserving in office of the personnel of the Establishment, perpetuating the American alliance – they threw in every resource they could command in parliament, the public service, industry and the press. Gradually the militant attitudes of a group of able men fighting for essentials began to be definable; and, as they became so, Mr Butler and his team of young scribes at the Central Office hurried to draft them into policies. Thus in five years an opposition policy and a Shadow Cabinet were so well established in public esteem that the most powerful government for a quarter of a century was stopped dead in its tracks.

Of course the Tories have advantages that the Labour Party have not. They can depend on the majority of the press to serve their campaigns; their friends in the banks, the civil service and the armed forces can be counted on to prosecute their cause even inside a Labour administration; it is far easier for them to get big businessmen to come temporarily to their help in parliament than it is for the Labour Party to persuade trade union leaders to give up their jobs and pensions. Moreover, it is always easier for any group to unite on the broad principles of defence than of attack. None the less, the Labour Party would do well to study the lesson of 1945. There is no reason, except their own outmoded and inefficient standing orders, why they should go into battle under an inadequate and second-best leadership. It would be the simplest thing in the world to give Mr Gaitskell the duty of picking the best men regardless – and to hold him responsible for their conduct. It would not be difficult for a re-invigorated front bench to replace the bumbling, faint-hearted, equivocal and lamentably unsuccessful opposition of the past eight years by an organised last-ditch defence of selected bastions. For, make no mistake, defence is for the present the order of the day against a triumphant government which may find the going a good deal smoother than Labour found it in 1945.

It must be remembered that, since 1945, Labour too has a vital interest in defending parts of today's *status quo*. If the Tories accepted as one of their primary objectives in 1945 the need to contain the spread of nationalisation, is it not equally important now for the Opposition to throw everything into the task of restoring the prestige of the nationalised industries and presenting the Labour Party (with its belief in public ownership) as the consumer's champion against all concentrations of economic power?

If the Tories were ready to fight to the death to preserve the Establishment intact, should not Labour do as much to preserve the financial strength and independence of the Trade Unions and also to check any further unbalance in the political bias of the press, radio and television? If the Opposition were on the job, the profits of commercial TV would be as hot a political issue today as were 'Jobs for the Boys' after 1945.

Between 1945 and 1948, Winston Churchill devoted all his authority and most of his energy to a series of speeches on both sides of the Atlantic which were aimed at binding the Labour government into the Atlantic alliance. He accomplished this (and changed history in doing so) largely because his prestige in America was so high that Attlee and Bevin would have had to face the prospect of a catastrophic breach with Washington if they had been denounced by Churchill on this issue. Is it not equally important in the conditions of today that the Tories should be forced, however reluctantly, to keep open the gates of colonial progress towards independence and democracy? And do they not depend on Mr Gaitskell to 'deliver the colonial vote' in the same way that Attlee's government needed Churchill? And should it not therefore be a primary objective for the Labour Party in parliament to keep the government permanently on the defensive over colonial policy?

Finally, it may be argued that the kernel of Labour's social reforms after 1945 was not the level of benefits, but the introduction of the principle of a universal system of welfare, to which all subscribed and from which all benefited. This principle, which is essentially a reversal of the class order of society, is vitally different from the 'Safety-net State' which has been the aim of the Butlerite Tories. If the Labour Party really believes that it is fighting to establish a non-acquisitive, classless society, it should defend by every means at its disposal this principle of universality – in health, education, superannuation, wherever it now exists.

There then are five strategic strong-points for which I should expect Labour MPs to fight at all costs. Their acceptance would determine the broad lines of opposition and would command the eager support of the rank and file outside parliament. Out of aggressive opposition on these lines would grow simultaneously the shoots of new policy and the image of an alternative government. But the opposition must be as resolute and vigilant as it was in 1945. Does anybody believe that in the present parliamentary session, under the front bench elected last week, this is likely to be true? As things stand the Labour Party in parliament is represented by a second eleven, fortified by a handful of stars and led by a captain who is denied the full powers of command.

The methods of selection which have led to this situation cannot now be amended before the next session, but there is no time to be wasted. The seeds of Tory victory in 1951, 1955 and 1959 lay in the work done in the Commons between 1945 and 1950; and it is abundantly clear that last month's election was lost by Labour not during the campaign itself, when the party did brilliantly, but during the eight years of ineffectual and purposeless opposition which the locusts have eaten since 1951.

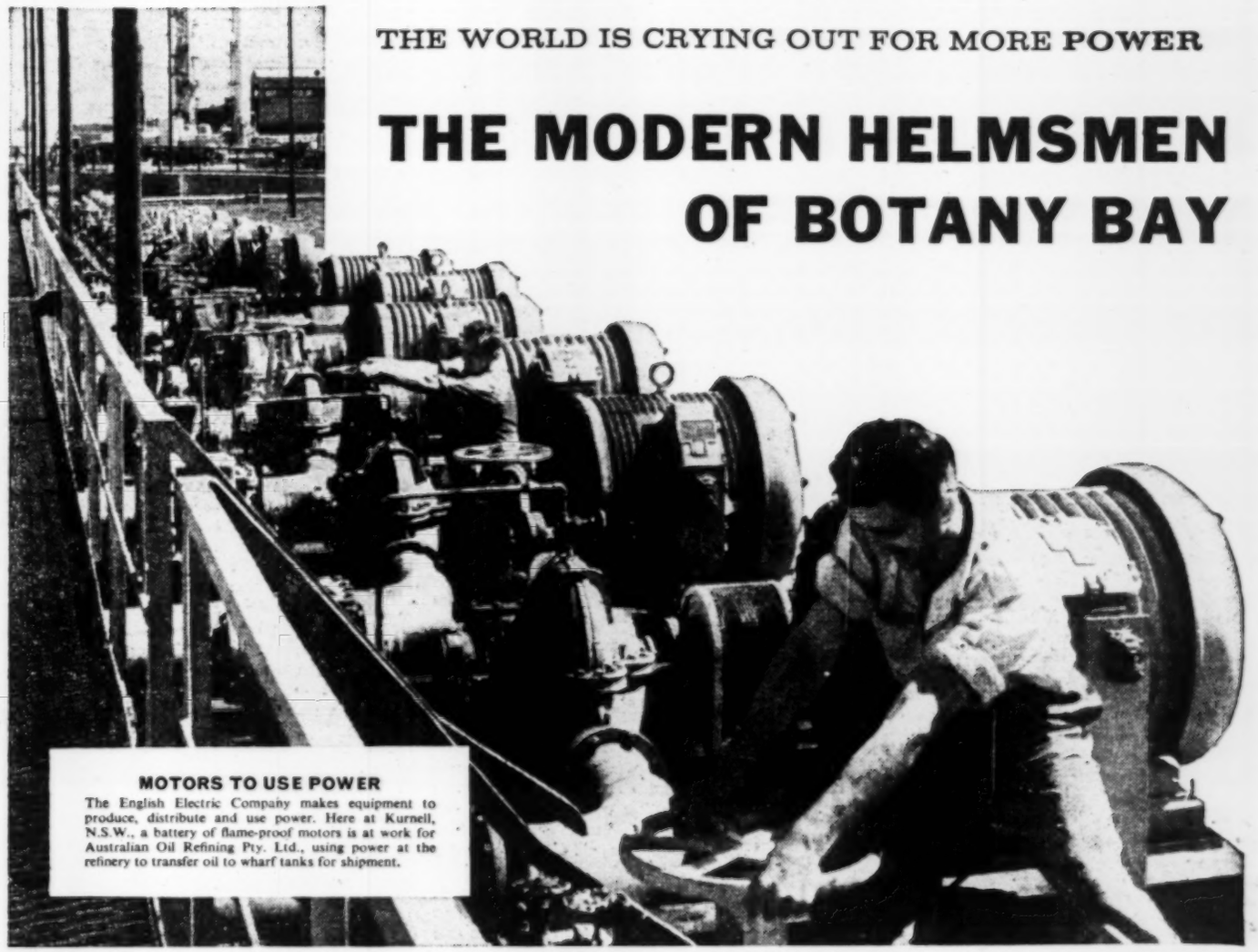
JOHN FREEMAN

'The House of Lords . . . exists to preserve, no matter what government may be in power, the continuance of the system of society based on capitalism and class privilege.'

C. R. Attlee, *The Labour Party in Perspective*, 1937.

THE WORLD IS CRYING OUT FOR MORE POWER

THE MODERN HELMSMEN OF BOTANY BAY



MOTORS TO USE POWER
The English Electric Company makes equipment to produce, distribute and use power. Here at Kurnell, N.S.W., a battery of flame-proof motors is at work for Australian Oil Refining Pty. Ltd., using power at the refinery to transfer oil to wharf tanks for shipment.

They're helping to steer Australia — and Britain — to greater prosperity

On a high tide 189 years ago, Captain James Cook sailed his good ship "Endeavour" into Botany Bay—and modern Australia was born. Today, in the wake of the "Endeavour," come large oil tankers, bringing raw oil to the modern refinery at Kurnell, near the spot where Cook first dropped anchor.

The "helmsmen" in our picture are landlubbers and proud of it. They're guiding oil from the refinery's big catalytic cracker to wharf tanks for shipment, thus speeding it on its way to the thriving—and thirsty—Australian economy. The pumping equipment they're using is driven by a battery of English Electric flame-proof motors.

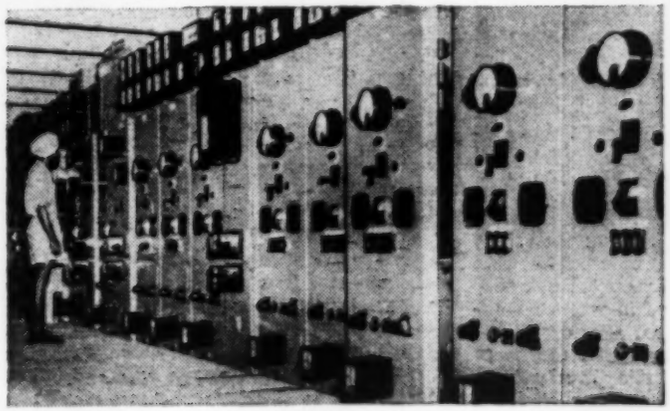
The world over, English Electric power equipment is helping to get oil through to the consumer quickly and reliably. The Company's great range of steam turbines, gas turbines, diesel engines, transformers, switchgear and motors are at work in *exploring* for oil, in *exploiting* it, in *pipeline pumping*, in *distribution*.

This equipment not only does valuable service for the world oil industry—it helps stimulate our British economy as a whole.

It earns us large sums of overseas currency, enabling us to buy more abroad.

It stimulates the economies of overseas countries, and thus enables those countries to buy more from us.

It gives the Company experience which can be applied to the home oil industry—just as the Company's home experience is applied to overseas projects.



SWITCHGEAR TO CONTROL POWER
Part of a 20-panel English Electric 3.3 kV switchboard installed at the Standard Vacuum oil refinery, Trombay, India.

Power for every need

Creating the means to *produce*, *distribute* and *use* power is the business of The English Electric Company. Power *produced* from coal, oil, water, the atom. Power *distributed* by efficient transformers and switchgear to industry and the home. Power *used* by modern electric trains, industrial motors and domestic appliances.

All of these activities lead to one end—more power at the elbow of more people for a richer life for everybody.

Power is the business of

'ENGLISH ELECTRIC'

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London Diary

IMMEDIATELY after the election, Mr Macmillan solemnly announced the end of the class war. But the new currency regulations have a familiar ring about them. Anyone who wants to take over £250 abroad has to get the sanction of the Bank of England. 'This arrangement' – I quote the *Daily Telegraph* – 'is not to limit the amount but to prevent the unauthorised export of capital. For instance, if a man of obviously modest income sought to draw £5,000 for a foreign holiday, the Bank might assume this was a transfer of capital and forbid it. But if a rich man explained he was going on a 12-month world tour, such an allowance would be granted.' In short, if you or I want to take out money for a productive purpose, we can't; but you can take any amount out for high-living, provided you can prove you're a millionaire. On the face of it, the crudest piece of class legislation since the Sumptuary Laws of the 14th century, which forbade non-aristocrats to have pointed shoes more than six inches long. This is certainly how the City slickers interpret it. Last week, *The Times* carried an advertisement under the heading 'French and Italian Rivieras'. 'Owing to the relaxation of currency restrictions,' it said, 'a large number of clients are requiring suitable properties.' Among them, it seems, was a 'Mrs C', anxious for a villa 'between Cannes and Nice' and willing to pay £30,000 for it.

* * *

The Reichstag fire of 1933 has long taken its place in history as one of the first Nazi crimes. But that lively German weekly *Der Spiegel* is now running a serial – entitled *Stand up, van der Lubbe* – which purports to show that the fire was not the deed of either the Nazis or the Communists. These articles are based on researches by Fritz Tobias, an anti-Nazi who set out to prove the guilt of the Nazi leaders. But during his work on documents and interviews with still surviving witnesses he became convinced that Marinus van der Lubbe, an ex-Communist from Holland, was alone responsible. In introducing the serial, the publisher, Rudolf Augstein, writes that he prints the story in order to 'rehabilitate' the wretched van der Lubbe, who (not unlike Guy Fawkes) wanted to protest against the Third Reich and warn the German workers that the Nazis would lead them into war against Europe. The serial admits, of course, that Hitler, Göring and Goebbels used 'this sign from heaven' as the signal to suppress the Communist Party and Social Democrats and start their brown terror. But it claims that the famous 'Brown books' and the 'Counter-Trial' staged in London (with Cripps, Pritt, Maître Moro-Giafferi, etc.) proving the guilt of the Nazis, were based on faked and false documents 'manufactured' in Paris by 'Agitprop' Chief Willi Munzenberg and Otto Katz (André Simone). Last week *Der Spiegel* published a long letter from Ernst Torgler, the former parliamentary leader of the German CP, who was arrested, tried and – like Dimitrov, Popov and Tanev – found 'not guilty'. He welcomes the new light on the 'mysterious political gangster-tragic-comedy' and states that he himself always believed that van der Lubbe 'did not act on anybody's behalf or with anyone's help.' I am eager to hear the opinions of the historians all over the world who have agreed that the fire was the work of the Nazis.

* * *

It is not often that a public man received precisely the prize appropriate to his life's work; the award of the Nobel Prize to Philip Noel-Baker is one of the exceptions. When I first knew him many years ago his career as an Olympic runner and the organiser of the Friends Ambulance Unit was over. He was working day and night with Lord Robert Cecil and with Nansen – his two great heroes – to make the League of Nations and all it stood for a reality in Geneva and, above all, a cause for which men and women everywhere would live and die. An invincible optimist, he never lost faith during the Manchurian, the Abyssinian, the Spanish and the Hitlerian challenges to the League concept. He made himself the world's expert on the impossibly complex – but essentially simple – problem of disarmament. His two big books on the subject (the last published in 1958) are finally authoritative. Lord Boyd-Orr and Noel-Baker are, I think, the only British politicians to receive the Nobel Peace Prize.

* * *

I wonder whether the government's sensible decision to end the Mau Mau war in Kenya and liberate 3,000 political prisoners will have any affect on the extraordinary game the Kenya police are having with the High Court and the ancient principle of habeas corpus. For some years now they have been tracking down Indian-born settlers who got into Kenya as children ten or twelve years ago, and finding out whether the people they came to Kenya with were really their parents. If not – and adoptive parents won't do – they are at once arrested and imprisoned without trial, pending deportation, although in the cases that have come to my notice they have been living quiet and hardworking lives and giving no trouble to anyone. Then the High Court orders their release on habeas corpus. Then, in some of the cases, the police re-arrest them on some other pretext, and habeas corpus sets them free again. Until 1956 this wasn't going too well for the police. They were being successfully sued for false imprisonment – in 1956 two of their victims got £750 and £1,500 damages and costs. This was too much for the democratic Legislative Council, which passed an ordinance protecting the police and the government against all claims for false imprisonment in these cases!

* * *

I should guess that of the books reviewed each week in this journal a steady proportion owe something to the London Library. For the reading round the subject needed for writing – or reviewing – a biography, say, or work of criticism, there is nothing like the Library, with its specialist collections, open shelves and generous allowance of books. Mr T. S. Eliot has lately told us how for his earliest published essays he owed everything to the pile of books he took away from the Library every Saturday afternoon. But now he – as President – and Rupert Hart-Davis – as Chairman – are appealing for support as the Library faces the worst crisis in its 118 years. Last week it lost its appeal against a rating assessment imposed 3 years ago and from now on it will have to pay £5,000 a year in rates. I gather that even with the higher subscription and the free gifts of new books from publishers it will be very hard to make ends meet. But the real blow is the three years of back payments which will now be demanded, on top of legal costs. The appeal to meet this immediate debt of £20,000 should be widely supported; I hope too that this clear-cut case will make the government alter the law by which a body like the Library can be rated out of existence.

* * *

This journal, I recall, once published an article revealing that amateur tennis players were seldom amateurs. It was appropriately called *The Tennis Racket*. The facts are now so well known that the tennis world is thinking of putting an end to a system in which, on the one hand, you have open professionals and, on the other, 'shamateurs' who are able to maintain their status only by grants of expenses and under-the-counter payments of various kinds. One result of this increasingly false distinction is that tournaments like Wimbledon have lost much of their attraction: most of the great players – Hoad, Rosewall, Gonzales and Trabert, for instance – have turned professional. Employed by Mr Kramer, a remarkable entrepreneur, these men now tour the world playing each other with delight to the tennis public and with great profit to themselves and their employer. The lesser lights are left to play at Wimbledon. Opening the Wimbledon tournament to these men, as I hope will be done, should reinstate it as the place where the best tennis is seen.

* * *

Would you believe it! In spite of my warning last week 15 correspondents have insisted on taking, with the utmost seriousness, the broad satire on Labour rethinking by Ralph Miliband in our last issue. These writers feel that he was rather unfair to Christianity. How, one of them asks, can a man suggest that a Christian should make peace with the devil? There might be much wrong with Christianity but surely this was going rather far. Another writer who read my last week's warning suggests that this was just a double bluff. Yet Fleet Street has no adage about the dangers of even the broadest satire. Today no one could risk printing Swift, let alone making him a Dean.

* * *

According to Peterborough, copies of *Lolita* are being sold in dust covers of Lord Woolton's autobiography. An even more suitable cover, a friend suggests, would be *Little Women*.

CRITIC

LIFE'S QUITE RELAXING...

Perhaps because in many ways it's so much easier today. Thanks to new materials and better ways of making those already well known, there's more time to spare for everyone. Ten years ago, for example, washing and ironing clothes took up a sizeable part of the housewife's day, and mending nets was a regular time-waster for fishermen. I.C.I.'s 'Terylene' has changed all that. This remarkable synthetic fibre is as happy in easy-to-care-for clothes as in fishing nets and cordage, and its great strength and immunity to rot, sunlight and weathering are finding it new uses in industry every day. 'Alkathene' is another I.C.I. product that makes for easier living. Easily laid tubes of this versatile material, frost-proof and flexible, enable farmers to take water supplies to any part of their land simply and inexpensively, and the same plastic in the form of colourful kitchenware is lightening and brightening housework throughout the world. Wherever you look, the story's the same: new plastics, new dyestuffs, new metals, new chemicals of every kind from I.C.I. are saving time and allowing hard-working people everywhere the opportunity for the occasional, well-earned yawn.

IMPERIAL CHEMICAL INDUSTRIES LIMITED, LONDON, S.W.1

ICI

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

There has been one change in the play. Miss Neagle had to call Tracey Lloyd, who plays her daughter, a 'a precocious little ——'.

That happened only once. The expression was so curiously wrong for Miss Neagle that there was a horrified gasp from the audience.

When Miss Neagle talks to Miss Lloyd now she uses the word 'basket'.—*Star.* (Brenda Ubsdell.)

Certain members of the catering industry may feel that HP holidays will bring them more trade, but I am sure that the private residents of Eastbourne will support Ald. Miss Parker up to the hilt in asking that we may be spared this last indignity.

I cannot believe that bank managers at any rate will need to resort to hire purchase to enable them to take a holiday, and if Eastbourne ever becomes notorious as a 'Never-Never' seaside resort, Heaven help us all!—*Eastbourne Gazette.* (W. H. Steele.)

Peer now available to accept further company directorship.—Advert. in *Daily Telegraph.* (A. Heller.)

One shopkeeper felt that the appearance of betting shops in, say, Wimbledon Broadway would lower the tone of the district. Many prominent people who laid bets privately would not wish to be seen in a betting shop.—*Wimbledon Borough News.* (M. Gaffin.)

Four-year-old Janine Kay had to undress and tuck her underskirt into her knickers among small boys for PT at school, says her father, Mr Alan Kay, of Avonside, Evesham. He has complained to the education committee. 'We've taught her that ladies don't do that sort of thing,' he said last nigh'. His complaint has been passed to the county education authority.—*Daily Sketch.* (R. E. Walker.)

Well balanced diet

THE celebrated tightrope walker Blondin once cooked an omelette while walking on his rope across Niagara. It was consumed (ça va sans dire) with a piece of French bread. We can't think what he was trying to prove, but so far as we're concerned it only went to show that bread is essential for a well balanced diet.

This is borne out by an eminent doctor writing in a recent *Family Doctor* booklet "Know and enjoy your Daily Bread" (we'll send you a copy if you like). He says that even if you're slimming you should still eat bread, because otherwise your diet may get right out of balance. And then where will you be? Falling off your tightrope, we shouldn't wonder.

So while there's still time, pick up your long springy pole—dead centre now!—and shuffle cautiously along to the baker's for a loaf of the cheapest (and nicest) basic food you can buy.

Footnotes for those who find nourishment in figures
1. The National Food Survey 1958 states that, in the average diet in 1958, bread and flour provided 22.7% of the energy; 24.4% of the protein; 20% of the Vitamin B_1; 27.7% of the niacin and 25.8% of the iron.
2. All flour contains—per 100 grams of flour: Vitamin B_1—not less than 0.24 mg. Niacin—not less than 1.80 mg. Iron—not less than 1.05 mg.

ISSUED BY
THE FLOUR ADVISORY BUREAU, 21 ARLINGTON ST., LONDON, S.W.1

The Land of Nod

The author of this article describes himself as an unemployed building tradesman.

YESTERDAY the cheque arrived from the Ministry of National Insurance. It was for the sum of four pounds five shillings. I have a wife and two children. I looked at the cheque and felt empty. I felt empty and sick and suddenly old. A 26-year-old Socialist alive in a small Scottish town with a bookcase containing everyone from Aristophanes to Thurber and all of a sudden sick with hopelessness.

Some months ago our second child caught us on the hop and Jean had him here in this two-roomed house with only me there holding her legs, feeling frightened and inadequate, while she screamed her way through her triumphant agony. Afterwards I was sick and filled with tiredness; but that was a good and satisfying tiredness. Well anyway, when I'd cashed the cheque I bumbled around the house trying to help but getting in the way, until Jean finally said: Awa out and lose yersel'. So I did.

I took a bus into the town and wandered around looking in people's faces and trying to regain some of my old hope and dour anger. I finally took refuge in one of those modern-type cafés which in the past five or six years have made their appearance all over Scotland. They're part of the great American skin-graft. You know what I mean, language, clothes, music, the whole synthetic American culture that over the years has been single-mindedly and inexorably grafted on to us. I sat in the half-empty café, sipping tasteless coffee and brooding over the death of the great ideal. It wasn't the election—I'd expected that. Maybe it had been the television propaganda campaign. All those smooth fleshy faces, the confident languorous tones. Yes, they'd won all right, not now of a sudden—the victory had been implicit years ago. They had it all sewed up.

I did some flashbacks. Seven years old: the tenement, eight families, 42 people and two lavatories. Each family kept a pail in a cupboard. How I hated to pass the women on the stairs with their pails. School: a Roman Catholic school; ten years of the sick philosophy of the Roman church. Forty children standing erect chanting emasculated love lyrics, their eyes fixed on the alabaster virgin, breast deep in a bewilderment of blossoms, while the world howled in a holocaust of immolation. An over-imaginative boy of ten compulsively crossing himself in surreptitious attempts to propitiate an eccentric god. But the war years were full and exciting years for us working-class children: trenches, air-raid shelters, barbed-wire entanglements and the unending military convoys. We hated the Germans vigorously, destroying them utterly in a thousand back-yard battles, loved Mr Churchill much and prayed copiously for victory.

The peace came and I was 12 years old. A quiet child, a voracious reader, with the slumbering heart of a lion beneath a rather timid exterior. Then the day in the public library—I'd be about 14 then—when I pulled down the great maroon volume. Effulgence! a blinding light and the thunder of bursting chains; the mind speeding greedily on, horizon opening into unguessed horizon. Ah Shaw! how dead you are. Then followed the wine-wild years of riotous revolt. The tall, cadaverous English master with great antennæ-like eyebrows looming over me, saying: 'Do you understand what you're saying, boy? Do you understand?' It was during the Religious Instruction period, and with quaking knees and shaking voice I had made my first attack on established authority. Leaving school at 15 armed with the Shavian gospel and the conviction of strength and uniqueness.

I became conscious of my buttocks buzzing in paralysed protest. Heaving myself from the elegant little stool, I left the café. Outside a fine drizzle was falling and the post-office clock said five-thirty. I shrugged into my plastic mac and decided to walk the two miles home. I walked quickly, eyes intent on my flashing feet while the rain assumed a definite tempo. As I walked I spoke to myself gently, reprovingly. . . .

There's nothing wrong with you, son, except that you've emerged from a rather prolonged adolescence. You've carried the childish belief—long after you knew better—that there was a battle to be fought; now you are accepting that there's no battle and no battlefield. Jesus! if Shelley were to appear on the telly tonight his opinions would create more excitement than they did more than a century ago. Shaw is outmoded and rather quaint. The middle-class intellectuals play intensely in their own backyard like children who know the dangers of playing in the street. The churches may be emptying but there's a priest in every living room. God's in his heaven; the great herd grazes happily and there's nothing to be done—except maybe apply for Soviet citizenship.

PATRICK O'HARE

Bloody Harlan

I HITCH-HIKED earlier this year down the Trail of the Lonesome Pine, through the Cumberland Mountains into Harlan County, Kentucky. Harlan could be romantic, with its deep valleys and quick rivers threading through the towering Black Mountains. But at present it is a depressed area, a one-industry county (soft coal) where over 12,000 people—nearly a quarter of the population—exist on government handouts of corn-meal, rice, flour and dried milk. My driver was a Korean war veteran. He said Harlan reminded him in some ways of Korea, with the long lines of people waiting for the food dole. But it was really worse: in Korea they felt things would ultimately improve, while here in Harlan they knew it was the end as far as the mining community, which is nearly everybody, was concerned.

We drove past straggling rows of identical wooden shacks, squeezed into the Cumberland Valley or forced from lack of space to perch on the mountain ledges. These are the company towns, or 'camps' as locals call them, of Kenvir, and Evarts, and Verda, and so on in grimy similarity. Groups of men were lounging hopelessly on corners, others walked along the single railway track looking for lumps of coal dropped from the few trains which still fetch and carry. It was after school time, and as we went by many children looked up to wave from where they were scavenging among garbage heaps or on disused sidings and tipples. Occasionally a frame house was freshly painted and a car was parked outside on the coal-slack drive. When I asked my driver who could afford such things, he shook his head, and said: 'Only families like mine, which include a blind or crippled pensioner. If you want to eat round here', he added, 'it's no good trying to work. It's best to have no legs'.

The fate of Kenvir was sealed well over a year ago, when the big company mine, a branch

Knight's move, or castle's?

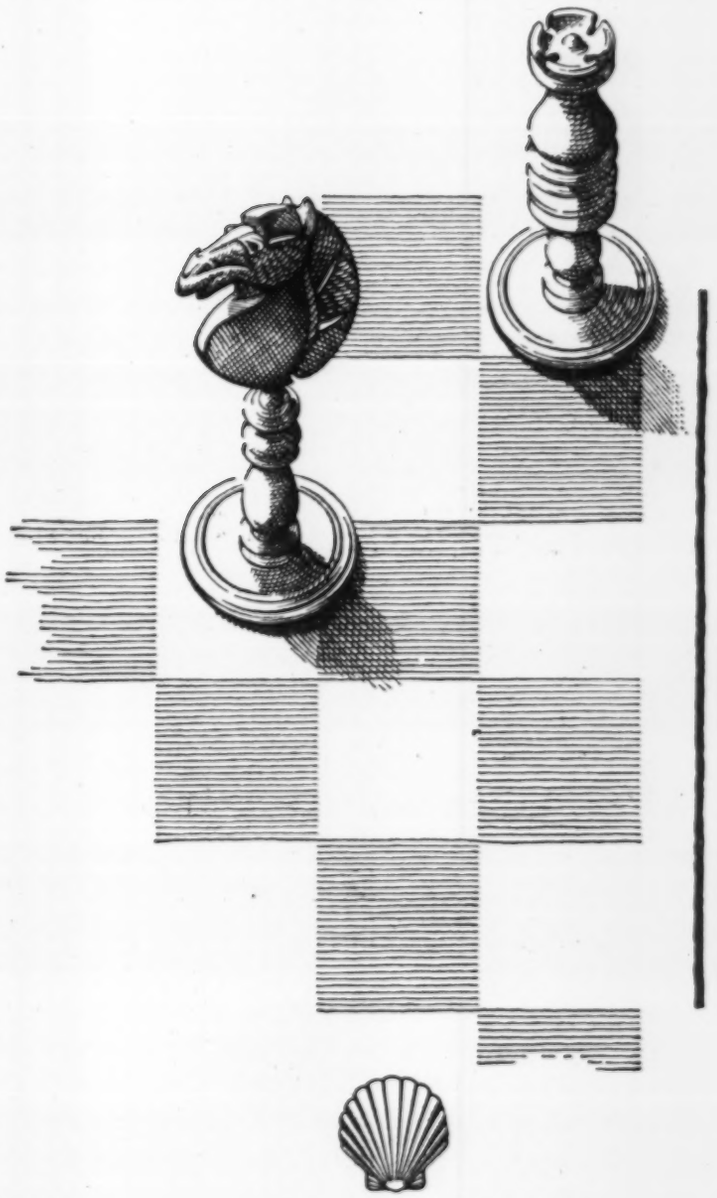
Can Shell be sure? Those who want to make a career in Shell often ask, "Where am I likely to be in 15 years' time?" Geologists, physicists, geophysicists, chemists, engineers, chemical engineers, economists and arts men: they all want to know where they are going to get to.

We may have a pretty shrewd idea, but we cannot always know for certain; partly because things move very fast these days, partly because people change their ideas as they go along.

The aim, however, is to plan a man's career several moves ahead. He may move in a direct line like a Castle. Or he may move like a Knight, sideways and forward. For instance, the chemist, engineer or chemical engineer can move from the operational to the commercial square; the geologist or physicist from exploration to production; the arts man from Marketing to Personnel Administration . . . and all towards top management.

And a pawn can always become a Queen.

As the oil industry and the chemicals-from-petroleum industry expand, the variety of moves a man can make is constantly increasing.



this is the world of SHELL

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of one of the world's largest corporations, was closed: the whole town of 3,000 went on the dole. Perhaps half of these men are still there. Nobody quite knows how many, and it was impossible for me to distinguish the occupied from the abandoned shacks. There is no hope while they stay of ever getting a job again. As I talked with John Mays, a teacher in a fine high school recently built up on the side of Black Mountain, we watched the scrap dealers dismantling the great iron tipple which used to carry coal from the mountain to the railway siding. Below in the town the company store was having its closing sale. The school itself, which has halved in numbers since 1953, may soon have to close.

I asked him about labour mobility, and he said there were children in his class whose parents had gone last year to St Louis or to Pennsylvania, but had found no work there either, and so they returned preferring, if they had to be unemployed, to be in familiar surroundings where the rents were cheap. Others had gone and stayed, but many miners were far too old to learn a new trade. Most were prisoners of the mountains which had once provided them with work. 'Where can they go?' he asked. 'How do they pay to go? And what do they do when they get there?' For the young the best hope is to join the army, but in fact many fail to reach the required literacy standard.

Inside I talked with his class. They were well clothed because at Christmas the county's churches, hearing the children were going to school barefoot in sub-zero temperatures, organised a charity drive to clothe them. But many were seriously undernourished. Free meals were being given to the neediest, but I could not learn the details. The school meals organiser would not allow me to eat with the children because, she said, 'some people have already been making politics out of this, and saying we ought to make everyone pay their way. We don't want anybody saying we give free meals'.

I stayed a week in Harlan County. Everyone I met, newspaperman or government official, coal operator or trade unionist, was touched with despair. The recent history of the area has been violent. Exploitation of the large bituminous coal deposits in these mountains began at the turn of the century and by 1930 there were 55 large mines in operation. Labour wages and conditions were deplorable under the company town system, and in the mid-Thirties John L. Lewis's United Mineworkers of America moved in to provide American labour history with its bloodiest chapter. For three years there was civil war. Union organisers were beaten up and frequently murdered by the company police, who, in turn, together with the non-union 'scabs', were intimidated by labour henchmen. On one day in May 1935, some 14 men were killed at Evarts. Peace was restored in 1938 only when the federal government forced the operators by legal prosecution to accept unionisation under the terms of the Wagner Labour Act.

There is a bitter irony in that Harlan miners are today partly victims of the bargaining powers of this same union, which once secured them a living wage, and has since lifted the industry's wage scale to nearly the highest in the country. For Harlan's coal seams are rich but thin, and so far mechanisation has proved unprofitable. Productivity is therefore low and the operators say it is impossible to meet increased labour costs. During recent years all but 12 of the big Harlan mines have been declared uneconomic and have shut down. Over 60 per cent. of the county's 1950 mine labour force has since then been thrown out of work.

It was in this desperate context that the new national wage contract offered by the United Mineworkers – raising the basic daily wage by $2 – took effect last March. In the preceding negotiations a Harlan operator said that nine of the remaining dozen big mines would certainly have to close unless the union compromised over the contract. Lewis has repeatedly said it is impossible to make regional exceptions to it. In addition, he insists that even the small 'trucking' mines, previously unaffected, and so able at least to offer work, if not good wages, must now pay full union rates. This they clearly cannot do, since their profits are marginal and depend upon cheap labour and sub-standard safety and welfare facilities. Spice was added to the struggle when a trucking mine owner publicly accused the large companies of working hand-in-glove with the union to squeeze these small competitors out of the shrinking coal market.

Most operators refused to sign the contract, and on 9 March the union struck in Harlan, putting pickets on mines not paying the new union rates. Six adjacent counties joined in, and 7,000 strikers were added to the vast pool of unused labour in Eastern Kentucky. Although there has not been a return to the excesses of the Thirties, incidents have been frequent. For instance, a Harlan operator rented a mine just across the border in Virginia, using non-union labour, and within a week the mine was dynamited by a midnight expedition from Harlan. A motor cavalcade of union cars patrolled the area like a panzer brigade, organising picketing and keeping state troopers on full vigil. The lorries of 'scab' coal which did get through often carried a man with a shotgun to discourage pickets. And, in one lamentable case, a coal operator was cut down by six bullets half a mile from his trucking mine. Six union men were arrested for this killing. Following a second death, the Governor called out the state National Guard and threatened to impose martial law.

The strike speeded up the decay of Harlan. As a result, more mines have permanently closed, more men have exhausted all sources of unemployment benefit, and the lines for food dole have become longer than those I saw. These people are not victims of either 'capitalist exploitation' or of union intransigence. They are skilled men driven to the edge of starvation because their trade is no longer in demand. Most Americans seem totally unconcerned, and the government has done almost nothing. America has sufficient food surplus in storage to feed Harlan County properly, the rest of the country's four million unemployed (together with their millions of dependents), and India, too, for that matter.

Earlier this year, however, when Kentucky's Senator Cooper asked Secretary of Agriculture Benson for extra food supplies to the destitute, Benson promised 'to look into' whether some dried beans and vegetables could be added. As yet he is still looking. When George Meany, President of the AFLCIO, recently told a congressional committee that federal action was imperative to liberalise unemployment benefits, a Texas Congressman snarled back that it all smelled to him 'like honest-to-goodness Socialism'. Not so long ago, President Eisenhower said: 'I don't think this is the time to put the federal government back into . . . this kind of function when we are on a curve of rising prosperity'. In this fear of federal activity and obsession with budget balancing, Eisenhower, as usual, reflects rather than leads a substantial part of national opinion. It is not shared in Harlan, where the prosperity curve is not very pertinent, and where the editor of the local newspaper stated bluntly that what was needed was a comprehensive plan of government relief and redevelopment. In fact the Senate has approved, this summer, legislation affecting the depressed areas. This allows the spending of $389.5 million. But the bill was still tied up in the Home Rules Committee at the end of the session, and it will certainly remain there until 1960. Under the present rocking-chair administration there is little hope of more, and even the Democrats would have to contend with powerful lobbies, like the US Chamber of Commerce, which believes everything can be solved by the divine grace of private enterprise.

On the map Harlan County – popularly known since the Twenties as 'Bloody Harlan' – is only a speck of distress and poverty. It is only a fraction of the 5½ per cent. unemployed (a minimum administration figure; labour leaders put it higher), in the richest country in the world. It may seem a long way from the Home Counties, or Scotland, or Wales. The production recession is over, but in industries like coal, as in Scotland and Wales, the residual human damage would seem to be permanent. Private enterprise does have its solution – either move out or starve. (Or in the choice phrase Americans use to describe their system, 'it's screw or be screwed'.) Clearly the economic realities of a declining industry have to be faced. But Harlan was my first time facing the human realities of a depression. It is perhaps often forgotten that there is already an English adult generation which, like myself, cannot remember Jarrow, just as my brother's generation on our heels never knew the Second World War. I am now emotionally convinced of that which had seemed to me previously as merely reasonable: that in a civilised society the 'realities' and consequences of its changing economy are the responsibility of the whole society. I do not suggest that a dispensable industry, like coal in Harlan (or

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CONTENTS FOR NOVEMBER 1959

ARTICLES

Scientific Laws, Scientific Objects and the Tractatus — G. L. PROCTOR
Explanations — Y. W. YOLTON
Theories and the Development of Chemistry — E. F. CALDIN

NOTES AND COMMENT

Psychological Concepts and Linguistic Restraints — F. V. SMITH

DISCUSSIONS

Falsifiability of the Lorentz-Fitzgerald Contraction — H. D. DINGLE
The Paradoxes of Confirmation—a reply to Dr Agassi — H. G. ALEXANDER
Science and the Communication Tradition — D. HARRAH
Reply to David Harrah's Discussion Note — W. B. GALLIE
Mr Watkins on the Two Theses — L. J. GOLDSTEIN
Third Reply to Mr Goldstein — J. W. N. WATKINS

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The Revolution nobody noticed

A REVOLUTION that nobody noticed has been happening in our own homes. It is turning us all into people who depend on steel.

Steel for consumer goods was rare in grandmother's day. The great steel invasion really began in full force in the early 1920's. How far has it gone? How much have we come to *rely* on steel in our daily lives?

Let's look into a modern home and find out.

HOW MUCH STEEL?

Ask a typical housewife how much steel she handles in an ordinary day.

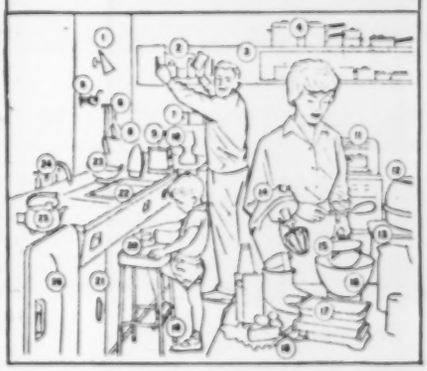
" Steel ? " she'll probably say. " Well, there's some in the car I suppose."

That's about as far as most people get. Actually for going about the daily business of living – cooking, cleaning, child-coping, travelling, working, playing – she and her family are *using steel almost all the time.*

The picture above gives some idea of the amount of steel in just *one room* of a modern home. The score: 26 different kinds of article, useful, pleasant, time-saving, labour-saving – or even indispensable. All of them made wholly or partly of steel. And you can't see the boiler, the gas-poker, the vacuum cleaner or the electric polisher.

Nowadays we'd be lost without our many servants made of steel.

All these are made wholly or partly of steel



1. Wall lamp
2. Cans
3. Cupboard
4. Saucepans
5. Can opener
6. Kitchen implements
7. Switches
8. Electric iron
9. Toaster
10. Coffee percolator
11. Cooker
12. Spin dryer
13. Washing machine
14. Mixer
15. Sieve
16. Mixing bowl
17. Scales
18. Kitchen knife
19. Stool
20. Toy bus
21. Kitchen unit
22. Sink
23. Colander
24. Taps
25. Electric kettle
26. Refrigerator

THE BRITISH IRON AND STEEL FEDERATION

elsewhere), should be indefinitely continued. But society must be prepared to pay to make the adjustment gradual, and problems of labour mobility, of communal upheaval, and economic redevelopment, must be met with all necessary resources of state to minimise the suffering of the human beings concerned.

That may sound elementary, perhaps naive, as a reaction in this most affluent, complex, and progressive country. But in Harlan it was clear that however rich and progressive a society may be, it can still be unequipped or unwilling to alleviate the oldest and most elementary sickness in the human condition, poverty and its despair.

BERNARD DONOUGHUE

The Hero

[Courtesy: *Motorcycling*]

Brian Stonebridge in full cry.

LAST month a great British sportsman was killed. Yet the death of Brian Stonebridge went unrecorded except in the *Daily Herald* and in the specialist motor cycling press. Stonebridge was a scrambler. I should perhaps add – to counter the prejudice roused by the very term motor cycling – that he was killed in a car which was being driven at 30 mph.

The simplest definition of scrambling is: the racing of motor bikes over rough ground. It is a sport that has enormously increased in popularity during the last five to ten years. About 50,000 people now turn out every week to watch the dozen or so scrambles organised throughout the country. At a big international event there may be as many as 75,000. The majority of the spectators are motor cyclists themselves and they watch with an expert, keenly appreciative or critical eye. There is also a new television public for the sport. Every Sunday lunch time there is an outside broadcast of a scramble meeting on ITV. In the London area above a quarter of a million view this programme.

It is difficult to describe to those who have never seen one, what a scramble looks like. It is a far less 'scientific' sport than road racing, because there are so many unpredictable natural hazards – bumps, mud, sand, stones. Much depends upon the design and tuning of the special machines, but even more on the strength, temperament and training of the rider. Coming over a ridge, the machines fly into the air; negotiating a corner they can ruck the ground into folds as if it were a cloth. With a really fine rider you have the sense that he is riding the ground as much as his machine – just as a glider rides the wind. There are very few scramblers over 35: it requires a young man's suppleness, nerve and speed of reaction. There are road-racers who say, half as a joke but with an element of truth, that they wouldn't dare scramble. Yet it is not a killing sport. Its dangers are for affirming vitality, not destroying it. The maximum speeds are comparatively low – not often more than 50. Since the war there have been only two fatal accidents in the sport.

Besides being free of morbidity (which car racing increasingly is not), scrambling is entirely free of big money. Of the 2,000-odd scramblers, all but a handful are amateurs. Prize money is very small, and for the champions advertising bait is very rare. On the other hand, the cost of scrambling for the individual is quite high – his mount has to be bought, adapted according to experience, maintained and transported to the course. It relies upon the willingness of hundreds of working-class lads throughout the country to save up their money and patiently work in sheds at night maintaining and perfecting their machines. When cultural pundits complain of the lack of any constructive sense of adventure among our youth, I often think of the potential suggested by this sport alone. This is the other side to the story of boys who adjust their silencers to make more noise and drive on the roads like outlaws.

Such is the context in which the 31-year-old Brian Stonebridge was a hero, the stuff from which legends are made. This is not the place to list all his wins. He had an international reputation and this year, despite extreme bad luck, was the runner-up for the Moto-Cross Grand Prix, a title never yet held by an English rider. (In general, our international scrambling reputation is high.) On paper, other riders – like Les Archer or Geoff Ward – have as good a record, or better, than Stonebridge's. Yet, in keeping with the absolutely unjealous *camaraderie* of scramblers, I'm sure they'd admit that Brian had something unique. What he had was style. This, as in every sport and art, was the result of his being entirely familiar with his own gifts. He rode like an independent. He held the bars apparently as loosely as a waiting water diviner his rod. Yet his long, gangling body was absolutely on top of his mount. He threw it. Not the other way round. And then, to add to the legend, he became a David. On his 250 cc Greeves he beat competitors on 350 cc and 500 cc models. Isaac Babel once said that whenever one sees something that is the result of a man's mastery one wants to laugh. When you saw Stonebridge hurl his machine into the air, you wanted to laugh.

Now on the tragic occasion of his death I can think of no better way of commemorating him than to plead for a greater recognition of the sport to which he was devoted. Nobody, of course, wants to turn scrambling into a professional industry or even into a well-paying spectacle of thrills. But it ought to be recognised as a sport that can hold its own with any other. It demands from the riders just as much, for instance, as show jumping, and certainly interests as many people. Yet if Pat Smythe has a fall there is a paragraph in every paper, and if an English scrambler wins an international award there is no mention of it anywhere – except, possibly, in the *Herald*. It looks very much as if the distinction is a class one. Anyway, great sportsmen in any field are rare enough for it to be almost criminal to diminish in any way the examples they might set.

You will never succeed in stopping youths killing themselves on motor bikes by treating them as a public nuisance. You may help them by presenting them with proper heroes. And further, here is a small chance for the press to improve itself: for every proper hero discovered there is surely one less to fabricate.

JOHN BERGER

What is everyday life like in the Soviet Union?

Is education compulsory? What about advertising? Is there a stock exchange? What's on TV? Is tipping allowed? What do false teeth cost? How are houses furnished? Do Russians keep pets? Where do people take their holidays?

For answers to these and all other questions you are likely to ask, read

THE REAL RUSSIA

At last a book that is not predominantly political, but which instead reveals what life is like for the Russian man in the street!

It is also different in that it is written not by a visitor to Russia, but by a permanent correspondent who has lived there for many years—IRVING R. LEVINE, who works for N.B.C., is a frequent contributor to *The Times*, and who accompanied Khrushchev on his visit to London.

Illustrated 30s

W. H. ALLEN

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The Arts and Entertainment

Style and Box Office

In the double-bill *A Glimpse of the Sea* (Lyric, Hammersmith) Willis Hall, with one big success under his belt, seems to be trying out different styles to see how they suit him. *Last Day in Dreamland* is a rather stock piece of social realism about a funfair at the end of the season. The characters shuffle on and off, drink tea, push their particular line of goods, bicker; one nearly brings off a treble at the races, one nearly gets the sack, one's wife has a baby, and all spin fantasies about their dreams – after all, this is Dreamland. It is a plain slice of life; nothing much happens; the lights go on desultorily at the start and off desultorily at the end. But under everything runs the unease of casual labour about to stop, the threat of National Assistance and penny-scraping in a dead seaside town; and, under that, the inertia of the easy, undemanding job, the temptation to drift.

Mr Hall catches the mood well and his playlet might have been very good if Arnold Wesker hadn't already written *The Kitchen*. The resemblance between the pieces is almost uncanny. In all fairness, this may not be Mr Hall's fault. Both pieces were directed by John Dexter, who probably fitted the later play with the other's highly successful manners. But the comparison is hard on Mr Hall. *The Kitchen* had about it a sense of artistic inevitability, all the detail added up and all led to the climax, so one was left with a coherent statement about life, not with just a slice of the stuff. Not so Mr Hall; he creates an atmosphere, starts things going and then leaves it to the audience to tie the threads together as best they may. The play may be a convincing essay in the socialist-realist style, but it is not an autonomous work of art. (Incidentally, *The Kitchen* got a club performance at the Royal Court. But the initiative for its first public showing has been left to the Cambridge University Mummers, who put it on next week. London producers please copy.)

A Glimpse of the Sea, Part Two of the bill, is in the style of Terence Rattigan. A suburban marriage has gone on the rocks. The wife arrives at the boarding-house where her dull, competent businessman husband is romancing with his dull, competent businesswoman mistress. The wife, lively, incompetent and infuriating, runs rings round them. It's all very wittily done and the cross-talk rings both true and intelligent. But it is a one-part play. The husband and the mistress are mere excuses for the study of the wife. Or so Jill Bennett makes it seem. She creates a whole aura of her own, of hurt, of scheming and inconsequentiality – a splendid, authentic performance.

Some of our glossier West End playwrights might have learnt a thing or two from Mr Hall. For instance, Jack Popplewell's *And Suddenly It's Spring* (Duke of York's) has a sensitive performance by Margaret Lockwood, some Bronx-style liveliness by Yolande Donlan, and quite a good situation: a plain miss yearns for glamour, gets it and yearns to be plain again. It might have been amusing, even rather touching, if the author had been remotely interested in human beings. But he isn't; he simply wants stock box office situations, one after the other, remorselessly. And each situation is glued on to the next by little bits of smart dialogue. This wasn't so much a play in

Only one chair –but it might have been the house!

Things like this happen so often to our neighbours: a hole burned in a carpet or a favourite armchair ruined.

But there are bigger fires too. Your own home, built up with love and patience over the years, can be destroyed in a couple of hours. And if you're under-insured . . .

You'd be wise to look out your fire insurance policy. Does it really cover what your home and its contents are worth today? Your Prudential policy can easily be brought up to date; and if you haven't yet insured at all, *now* is the time to talk to the man from the Prudential about it—before it is too late!

Ask the man from the

PRUDENTIAL

The address of the local office is in the telephone directory

"GREEK, Sir,"

said

Samuel Johnson

"is like lace;

every man gets as much of

it as he can"

And so is GREECE

Land of eternal summer

Yours to enjoy as much as *you* can!

NATIONAL TOURIST ORGANIZATION—4, STADIUM STREET, ATHENS

What is Mathematics?

This is the title of an article in the November UNIVERSITIES QUARTERLY. *Other articles in the same issue include:*

PROFILE OF THE UNIVERSITY STUDENT
HEALTH AND TEACHING
CLEARING HOUSE OR INTERVIEW?
THE AFRICAN STUDENT
SORTING STUDENTS MECHANICALLY
LETTER FROM OXFORD, OHIO
TOO FEW ACADEMIC EGGS

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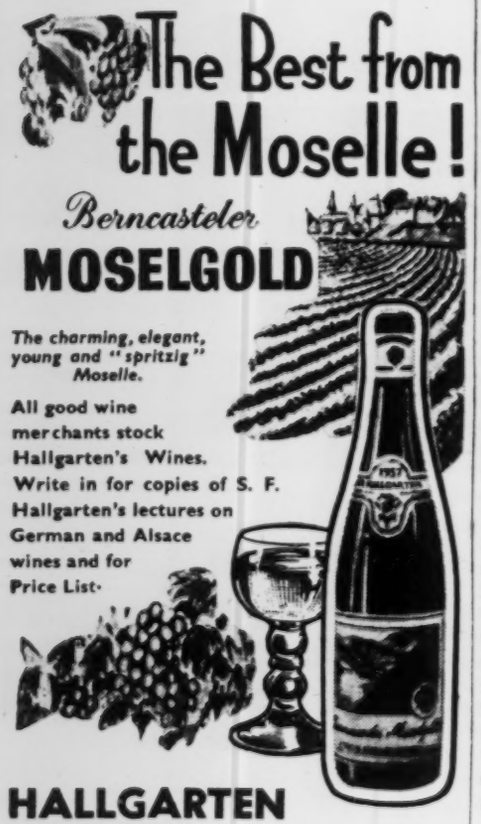
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HALLGARTEN
—HALLMARK OF WONDERFUL WINES
Roman Wall House, 1 Crutched Friars, London, E.C.3

its own right as an anthology of all the light comedies there have ever been.

Aunt Edwina (Fortune) had the one advantage of not being smart. William Douglas Home hadn't, apparently, even tried to make the dialogue funny. The unspeakable went grimly in pursuit of the uneatable, while Henry Kendall suffered a sex-change into something rich and strange. Now Mr Kendall *looked*, at times, very funny indeed. It is a pity the play didn't give him something equally funny to say. Still, I can safely recommend *Aunt Edwina* to all readers of the NEW STATESMAN who ride regularly to hounds.

A. ALVAREZ

The Objective

TIME is taking its inexorable course with Stravinsky, as with other great composers before him: working with the tools of familiarity and comprehension, it is busy chiselling his works of art into the hard lines of immortality, and grinding his theories and manifestos into a heap of dust. As the great neo-classical works of the middle period become entirely accessible to our understanding, the neo-classical doctrine that gave birth to them – that music is by its very nature incapable of expressing anything at all – stands revealed as a complete fallacy: the necessary illusion of an iconoclastic genius intent on creating a new, non-romantic art. From out of the classical stylisations and granitic textures of *Œdipus Rex* springs a violent emotional impact no less immediate and overpowering than that of any romantic masterpiece, only of a different kind.

Monday's performance of *Œdipus*, presented by the BBC Third Programme at the Royal Festival Hall, has made everything clear. Under the precise but tensely vital direction of Stravinsky himself, the BBC Men's Chorus and Orchestra, with a group of soloists, gave a superb interpretation of the work, which blew away all notions of abstract art to confront us with a thrilling and deeply moving human experience. What could be more directly appealing than the anguished cries and murmured prayers of the Thebans, with their throbbing funereal basso ostinato, the overweening arrogance of Œdipus (presented by Helmut Melchert with an unparalleled intensity), the doom-like trumpet fanfares announcing the death of Jocasta, the infinitely tender farewell of the Thebans to their broken King? Only one element in the music remains problematical – the balance of much of the soloists' material with that of the orchestra. Some of the voices on Monday lacked power, but there is no doubt that Stravinsky's hard-edged sonorities tend to obscure the voice as fatally as Wagner's opulent brass.

One other element in the whole work, as it stands at present, seems completely misconceived – the narrator's part, originally introduced because the text of the music is in Latin. Do we really need this intrusive orator, who tells too little of the story to enlighten the ignorant, and wearies the initiate by recounting all-too-well-known facts? On Monday it was spoken by its author, M. Cocteau, in an embarrassingly mannered way which at more than one point caused the audience to wriggle uncomfortably. Surely all necessary verbal information should be confined to the concert-programme, leaving Stravinsky's opera-oratorio to stand alone as the self-sufficient masterpiece it is?

Long before Stravinsky, his compatriot Moussorgsky had already created an objective musical art, but of a more broadly human kind: *Boris* transcends *Œdipus* in that its objectivity is founded not on a dead language and an artificially created musical style, but on the roots of the living Russian language, verbal and musical. The present Covent Garden production allows us to appreciate this fully: the music is presented as Moussorgsky wrote it, and the work is sung entirely in Russian. The production, sumptuously dressed and staged, is once more dominated by Boris Christoff: his familiar impersonation of the Czar, grown subtler with the passing years, now stands as a supreme example of musico-dramatic interpretation.

Under the expert direction of Jaroslav Krombholc, the English cast back him ably, especially John Lanigan as Shuisky and Edgar Evans as the false Dimitri; the Russian language brings out the best in almost everyone, vocally and dramatically – except the chorus, who sing well enough but behave with remarkable tameness for a Russian crowd. The chief drawback is the inclusion of the Cathedral scene at the expense of one of the Polish scenes; the former, a rejected alternative, badly upsets the work's formal balance, as does the presence of one of the Polish scenes without the other.

DERYCK COOKE

(David Drew will be in the US for three months.)

A Day at the BBC

HIGH time a film was made about the BBC – the last was Grierson's *BBC The Voice of Britain* in 1935 – and inevitably, no doubt, it comes from within. Nannie or Auntie, or however our relationship to the Corporation should be defined, couldn't possibly with her present status be affronted by an outsider. I think of her myself as that character in *Paradise Lost* – wasn't it the Porteress of Hell Gate? – who at the hint of alarm would withdraw her numerous progeny into her womb; there are so many receptive corridors in that impassive Portland Place monster: closed doors, red lights, ante-rooms to this and that. One is sucked in, drained of worldliness, bemused, comforted in a way. Of course the BBC boasts many more outgrowths than the primeval Mother; and I have stepped into one or two, including a draughty church hall off the Caledonian Road where drama starts rehearsing with the aid of chalk-lines on the floor, to that maison in Oxford Street where, during the war, I handed in my script on G. M. Hopkins, to be translated and given out to the Chinese. My feelings, therefore, are a shade more involved than those of the average listener or looker-in, but not to the point of insideness; *This is the BBC*, shown to the press last week, came to me as the revelation it was meant to be. Here were the nerves active, the entrails working.

It was fascinating to see, for example, how crack performers deal with a special occasion: the Lincoln Handicap. A road runs near and parallel to the track, and along this road race TV and Sound, a van and a car, one overtaking the other, and in his glass conning-tower, travelling at high speed, Raymond Glendenning at full tilt with one of those feats of rising commentary that must astound even the unhorsy. Then there's the news special of a passenger plane down in the Atlantic, cameras mobilised from here and there, aerial shots over Land's End. Or a story conference with the two script-writers of the Archers; this week, hornless cattle must be brought in; and the tall, heavenward-glancing man dreams up all manner of fine reasons, while his little bearded colleague still can't quite feel his way. But with the hornless cattle actually there, one can see that it will be done. This, of course, is a vamped-

up piece, a bit of self-guying most artfully endearing.

Very little of the reporting in this film has been so fabricated; there are no sets, the scenes enacted were either run off the cuff or repeated out of routine. In just over the hour we are given a BBC day round the clock. An amazing amount of detail has been packed in: the news-reader handed a late slip, lianas of wires, revolving grams, Bush House many-tongued, rehearsal of *Mother Courage*, dance band in empty studio, Sir Isaiah Berlin improvising with rich idiosyncrasy, *Tonight* fading out, coon show on, a sound panel controlling a trombone, comedians round a mike, conferences Panoramic and Light, Beethoven's 7th symphony, peak hour approaching, the tape suddenly feeding out a new Russian space rocket – all in the order of the day's events and dovetailing one with another. Continuity has been the real snag; and it is caught at by music running on (the Mastersingers Overture, from a studio, opens out a few seconds later over the Atlantic), by hooking up round the country, by the time of day and the familiar programme milestones. I don't say that lucidity has been always preserved; but if we lose our way, or our position on the clock, we are soon brought back, and the mechanical and engineering side never fails to exert its spell. There is no commentary; all is in pictures; and except that to start with this means overdoing outsides of buildings, the method proves itself. The excitement of 'seeing into the works' rarely flags, and the script-writer and director, Richard Cawston, has used every ingenuity in the way of linkage, assimilation, contrast, a hare started, a dance tune or Ravel lingering on, to keep things going. Its principal omission is that it pushes open no doors to the high-ups; its boast might be that it hasn't had to rely on the weather. The film was made by the BBC Television Service, and is scheduled for non-theatric distribution; which means that it will only be seen by film societies and non-paying audiences; a pity, though it is claimed that the circulation so obtained will be bigger than through cinemas. No doubt in time – with some disadvantage to a tight-packed film – it will dawn on the TV millions. The last moments are in colour – no longer experimental from the broadcasting point of view – and with this glimpse into the future we close down.

On the biggest screen of all, Cinerama at the Casino goes into a third edition and achieves a new low. Its *South Seas Adventure* brings us the world as a Butlin camp, from Hawaii to New Zealand, and tries all its old junk of fairground, ski-slope, surf-riding, tribe dance, and plane threading the valleys. The usual debilitating commentary is spoken by Orson Welles, without one ironic inflection: let's hope he keeps the money towards his next film. How much longer can this lumbering, antiquated spectacle, without an idea or a scoop, go on being novel?

Far better spectacle is provided from Russia by *The Beast* (Continentale), no horror-blast but a legend in colour on a wide screen. The Tugars have swept in, ravaging the land and threatening Kiev; a seven-foot champion rises up out of paralysis to smite them and has to contend with wind-devils, treachery and a flying three-headed dragon before once more Russ can settle down to folk song. There's a good deal of beard-waving and roaring here, and the looks change from the operatic to the genuinely stunning – for example the marauders' advance on Kiev and their fires circling the horizon. The tale has a certain prowess and jewelled barbaric sweep.

Babette Goes to War (Columbia) makes the mistake of a Bardot dressed and pretending to

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act; Christian-Jacque seeks to extract farce from the fall of France, special missions, Paris occupied, and the Gestapo. Some moments are genuinely funny, as for example the capped English sportsman out plane-shooting, and the piggy Gestapo boss; the rest is vulgar and dreary, though I don't deny it may chime with popular tastes.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Tory Freedom at Work?

ONE thing we hadn't thought of blaming the Tories for was the increase in venereal disease; but as the BBC showed on Tuesday night, the most alarming medical statistics of modern times coincide exactly with the period of Conservative rule. In 1951, 18,000 people attending public clinics were found to have gonorrhœa: by 1958, the figure had shot up to 60,000 – and the real total may be twice that.

It would, of course, be grossly partisan, and illogical, to blame the government for this – as illogical as it would have been to blame the Labour Government for post-war food shortages (and no one ever did that!) . . . unless the view is taken that the incidence of sexual promiscuity is bound to be greater in an affluent and damn-you-Jack society. For increased promiscuity is one of the two main causes of more VD – the other being the decreasing effectiveness of the 'wonder drugs' of ten years ago: 'one of the germs causing gonorrhœa is becoming partially resistant' to them. Of 150 prostitutes aged between 15 and 20 admitted to a women's prison last year, just half had gonorrhœa; many didn't know they had it, and had been infecting numerous customers. There is also the fecklessness of patients who don't complete the treatment, returning only when the symptoms return – 'faithful after their fashion,' as the BBC's Consultant Psychiatrist said, with the only flash of wit in a grim programme.

This was one of the *Lifeline* series – frank, untarted-up interviews between the Consultant, two other experts, and three VD patients. One was a long-haired girl of 22 who had had gonorrhœa three times (first at 16) and only knew she had it the last time because men she had been with told her so. I wonder if they got a refund? Her charges seemed high (but prostitutes often boast): they varied from £3 to £10 – 'it was all according'.

The Consultant drew the correct morals: 'We are all responsible for what happens in our midst' and our 'mixture of technical confidence and personal ignorance' is potentially disastrous. My only criticism of the programme is that (as we have so often said of serious ITV programmes) it was put on too late, at 10.30 p.m. It was eminently suitable for older children and adolescents.

Not so long ago it was impossible for a humanist or atheist to argue his case on the air. Now the inhibitions on free discussion of the fundamentals of religion are at last, if gradually, being lifted – a liberation that ought to be as welcome to intelligent believers as to their opponents. Last Sunday's ATV discussion between the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Liverpool, Dr Heenan, and Malcolm Muggeridge was searching and sincere and refreshingly not over-rehearsed.

Even those who did not fully agree with either must have admired Dr Heenan's calm, firm demeanour, his clarity, and his charity (though he did seem to beg one or two questions); while Mr Muggeridge, discarding his familiar clown's mask but puffing clouds of cigarette-smoke, like the sulphurous vapours of a pantomime demon, about the Archbishop's face, spoke as though every word were being wrung agonisingly out of his inmost soul. His position was that of the 'Christian outsider' who 'can conceive a sense of purpose, a meaning not comprehensible now, embodied in a Being', and regards 'Christian values' as 'an important corrective to vicious trends' in contemporary civilisation, but finds the basic Christian dogmas 'unacceptable and inconceivable'.

Dr Heenan invited him to study the historical evidence. Mr Muggeridge: 'But it's not a question of evidence – the whole temper of our minds is resistant to this conception'. Dr Heenan invited him to pray, in the sense of turning his thoughts towards the Force or Being whose existence he had already admitted to be hypothetically conceivable: 'Lord, I believe – help thou mine unbelief'. Mr Muggeridge – wriggling slightly, perhaps? – seemed almost prepared, reluctantly, to concede that he might do this. Dr Heenan pounced, with the kindest flicker of a gratified smile: this was already a great advance.

It was a courteous and not too unevenly matched duel, and the more impressive because it ended, in a sense, inconclusively, not with some contrived agreement; but also with an invitation to Mr Muggeridge to spend a fortnight at Liverpool – to which Dr Heenan seemed to look forward with more confidence, though not with more pleasure, than his antagonist.

Tediously repetitive though much mass-appeal TV is, one can never assume that any programme will be absolutely unfit to watch. It was disturbing, for instance, to switch on ATV's last *Saturday Spectacular* by chance and to find it of unusual quality and semi-original kind. I say 'semi-original' because its general structure recalled the BBC's perennially popular *Scrapbook* series; but the flashbacks to the Twenties (presented year by year in fairly full newsreel excerpts, which included Valentino's funeral, the General Strike, and the opening of Transport House) were interspersed with new renderings by Max Bygraves, Ted Heath's band, and others of song-hits of that period; and Mr Bygraves, or the script-writer, was allowed some highly un-BBC cracks – about the Prince of Wales, about Mussolini ('like Brando in a character-part'), about the Japanese earthquake (reminding us of Hiroshima), and about Ireland ('the British got out . . . and about time, too').

Since this programme must have been aimed largely at those old enough to be stirred to nostalgia by it, it may be that ITV is now resigned to the fact that on Sunday nights – at any rate after *Boy Meets Girls* – young people just don't watch television much. Why should they? They want to go out and do things.

TOM DRIBERG

The Ranking Season

AUTUMN is the season of polls. Every jazz critic is at present drawing up lists of records, players, or whatever else can be fitted into a ranking-order without risking libel proceedings. It is as good an occasion as any for me to join in this seasonal occupation while awaiting the arrival of the Modern Jazz Quartet on 21 November.

The best records of the year are easily established, for 1959 has seen a number of reissues which are fundamental to any jazz collection. Without necessarily assigning them an order of merit, these are the three Bessie Smith EPs on Philips, *Duke Ellington at his Best* (RCA) – the superlative 1940 vintage – the *Lester Young Memorial Album* (Fontana), the Jellyroll Morton *King of New Orleans Jazz* (RCA), Lionel Hampton's *Jivin' the Vibes* (Camden) and the essence of simple, joyful, competent 'Dixieland', *Muggsy Spanier's Ragtime Band* of 1939 on RCA. We also have several contemporary records of major importance, notably the Modern Jazz Quartet's *One Never Knows* (London), Miles Davis's *Milestones* (Fontana) and perhaps the Thelonious Monk-Blakey on London LTZ-K 15157. Add to these the Mahalia Jacksons of this year on Philips LP, Philips and Top Rank EP, for even imperfect records by this great artist must rank highly, and there is not room for much else. Perhaps only for the excellent Hawkins-Webster *Blue Saxophones* (Columbia) and the exciting *Only the Blues* by Sonny Stitt and Roy Eldridge (HMV).

There are no British records in the top batch, for none are in this class. This does not mean that our players are second-raters, though even the best would benefit from a course of postgraduate study in the much more professional atmosphere of America. Our 'traditionalist' bands are better than the American ones, since they are young and confident, and play for a large and young public, and not mainly for the nostalgic middle-aged. (Alas, the best of them are not always the most successful.) Our non-trad bands are good, but not by the standards of Basie, let alone Ellington. Our arrangers are sadly underrated: how many film or TV scores are entrusted to talented men like Kenny Graham or Sandy Brown, Dankworth or Ken Moule? Our reserves of first-rate instrumentalists are not large – they have lately been depleted by the loss of Dizzy Reece (trumpet) to America – but of high quality. Kenny Baker (trumpet) and George Chisholm (trombone) are of world class. There is no shortage of reed-players who could hold their own in any company, with experience: Joe Harriott, Ronnie Ross, Tony Coe, Bruce Turner, Tubby Hayes, Don Rendell. Nor of pianists: Alan Clare, Lennie Felix, Dave Lee, Dill Jones. Our real weakness is, as usual, in the

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rhythm. The most professional of our bass-players, Jack Fallon, lacks some swing, and the best of our drummers, Phil Seamen, though more inventive than many Americans, has much to learn from them. I know of only one really first-rate guitarist, the rarely heard Dave Goldberg.

Good as such players are, it must be recognised that all of them – except perhaps Tony Coe, a discovery of the past two years – have been on the scene for a long time. The great amateur music-making movement of 'revivalism' no longer produces as many new players as it did in the post-war years. The modernists form a small hip community of a few dozen men normally found in the triangle bounded by the *Downbeat* (20 Old Compton Street), the *Flamingo* (33-7 Wardour Street) and the *Marquee* (next to the Academy Cinema), and are difficult to reinforce from regions which still live in the middle ages of jazz. The scene at present is musically good, as can be heard any evening in the *Downbeat*; but it is not very healthy.

We are fortunately able to forget this for a few evenings by listening to an extraordinary historic phenomenon at present functioning at 100 Oxford Street or on tour with Chris Barber. Champion Jack Dupree is a spry, smallish, slightly battered citizen with diamonds on his fingers and in his left ear, who once fought as a lightweight – he claims to have gone the distance with Bob Montgomery – and whose musical memories include going round on a truck singing for President Roosevelt's election campaigns. (His *F.D.R. Blues* and *God Bless Our New President* are relics of this experience.) A sharp dresser, and not much of an abstract thinker even by the standards of fighters and blues-players, he sings and plays the blues as though the years since Pinetop Smith had never been. Not the country blues. Champion Jack is a city entertainer (*Blues from the Gutter* LTZ-K 15171). He is what one would have expected to find in a coloured bar-room any time in the Twenties, and not a classy one at that: singing about himself, or about life in general, or exuberantly dirty numbers like *Bad Blood*, performing on the piano with one hand, two hands, elbows and the lot in a rough and irresistible style which sums up exactly what jazz critics mean by the term 'barrelhouse'. I never thought that I should live to see such a sight in Oxford Street.

FRANCIS NEWTON

The Georgian State Dance Company, at the Albert Hall

In this company, which is visiting England for the first time, there is none of that coy, bucolic fun which is generally to be found in Russian folk dances. The Georgians appear as a race of aristocrats: the men romantically dark, with black leather boots that fit the leg like a stocking; the women in fine-spun flowing dresses. Together they look like legendary princes and princesses, courteously walking the ballroom. But once the men get away from the ladies, they become ferocious knights, jumping, gyrating and shuttling their feet at a fantastic speed. The music has a droning, Eastern quality and, like the womenfolk, acts as a decorative background to the male virtuosity, which is prodigious. These men can leap and twiddle on their soft toes in a way that would put a ballerina to shame. They can fight like devils, till you think any moment a severed head will go rolling across the stage. The costumes are not modernised, as though for a musical comedy version; they are generally of a mauve, brown, purple and black effect, with silver ornaments, very subtle and graceful in effect. By their carriage alone these mountain people give the impression of being violently proud, violently individual. Their folk dances are varied, and if they could be shown in a less shoddy setting than that devised by the Albert Hall they would be even more startling.

A. F.

The rise and fall of Franco

by IAN GILMOUR

The Spanish dictator has now been in absolute power for twenty years. How much longer can his corrupt police-state last? What support does he receive from the United States, the Army, the Roman Catholic Church? What would happen to him without this support? How strong is the Opposition? Can the Monarchy be restored?

Ian Gilmour went to Spain to find the answers to these questions. His colourful, factual, critical assessment of the last occupied country in Western Europe appears in a special issue of the *Spectator* today.

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BOYCOTT

SIR,—Boycott is a terrible weapon, but white domination, which compels Africans to examine its use, is infinitely more terrible. The Africans have no forms of political expression, which has made possible the increasing theft of their civil liberties. The effectiveness of a boycott limited to Africans and their allies in the Union is severely restricted by the widespread African poverty, which is, itself, a part of the system of white domination. It is clear that the Africans must rely on friends abroad to sharpen this weapon.

South Africa exports to Britain £100 million in goods each year, *apart from gold*. Farm produce has a £60 million slice of British imports from the Union, and the farmers are the mainstay of the present government.

An official boycott can be ruled out, so the appeal must be directed to as many individuals as possible. If this is to be feasible, the first essential is that shoppers should be readily able to identify goods as being South African. Secondly, similar goods from elsewhere should be simultaneously and easily available at competitive prices. Both these considerations apply, in varying degrees, to almost £23 million of South African produce.

The remainder of the farm produce consists of raw materials which are imported and made up in Britain, so losing their identity. But any well-organised boycott will exploit that element of fear, of which any importer must be conscious, that the boycott might be a success.

Largely, however, the boycott should concern itself with that £23 million worth of the readily identifiable goods. Given easy identification and the competitive availability of alternatives, to ask British shoppers to avoid buying South African as a conscious political act is still to ask a lot: it presupposes a high degree of general British dislike of the Union's policies and a popular recognition that these are an embarrassment to Britain herself in seeking the friendship of Afro-Asia. A short and intense boycott—which would make its impact even on those who would not normally be influenced in their shopping by political considerations—would be most likely to succeed. There are other complications on which potential boycotters must settle their own minds. Can the South African government retaliate by discriminating against British goods? What countries will benefit from the boycott at the Union's expense? How will the boycott affect the situation in the Union itself, and will it help or hinder a change of heart amongst whites?

It would be extremely difficult for the South African government, or for sections of the population, to retaliate: the Union is a member of the sterling bloc and buying outside is more costly. Commonwealth preferences, which the government would touch at the peril of its own trade, give British exporters a great initial economic advantage. Besides, the call will soon go to other countries and peoples to boycott the Union. It is mainly Commonwealth countries, friendly European states or the US which would profit from a boycott of South African farm produce.

The whites in South Africa will not abandon the policy of white domination until it ceases to be profitable, or till it is too costly. It is true that the Africans themselves might suffer from an external boycott, but the alternative is that they must endure helplessly a permanently white domination. The boycott should be centred round three main grievances. The sub-minimum wage standards of Africans; the extension of the evils of the 'pass' system to women, and the treason trial and banning of leaders.

Such a boycott could be highly effective, limited though it would be in duration. South Africans will be warned of what could happen if it were repeated often. The products of competitors would have been tried by consumers; and for this and other reasons, many individuals might remember not to buy South African long after the intense boycott were over.

PATRICK VAN RENSBURG

London, EC2

A RE-THINKING SERMON

SIR,—How right Ralph Miliband is! Let us all have yellow front doors and contemporary wallpaper, what else should Socialists ask for? This piece of satire makes it painfully clear that Socialists must not allow tactics to conflict with or overshadow principles. How can a Socialist society be a reality if the basic means of production and finance are not directly controlled by the state?

However, being a housewife and consumer (without a yellow front door) and having suffered much at the hands of both nationalised industries (Gas and Electricity) and large private firms, and being convinced that they do not 'always pick on me', I think one of the most urgent tasks of Socialists is to tackle this problem of bureaucracy. And to evolve ways to decentralise large concerns, whether they are units of production or government.

Let us by all means be dreary and stick to principles.

JOYCE CUMMINGS

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SIR,—I would very much like to think, after reading 'A Re-thinking Sermon', that Dr Miliband and I are on the same side in the attempt to resolve what, I will admit, is a very nasty ideological impasse. But so vague and over-simplified is his solution that, far from his views gaining wide acceptance, they will, I think, convince no one.

Not only are some of his assumptions very rash, for instance, the rejection by the people of such 'obsolete values' as 'love, charity and brotherhood', but his argument in one place is blatantly self-defeating purely because it lacks logic. We should have principles, he says in other words, but we should not be prepared to defend them, e.g. 'Injustice', he says, 'has greatly diminished (thanks, of course, to our efforts)'; and goes on to say that what we want is more injustice. He says, 'But we must tell the people that there are some forms of sin which we not only accept, but which we positively welcome.' What is sin if it is not, above all, unjust? Later also Dr Miliband tells us: 'I want us to say that sin, though still wrong in principle, is not unacceptable to us.'

If Dr Miliband does not wish to be accused of hypocrisy, he must be prepared to enunciate just a few broad principles on which this vague 'New Faith' is to stand. I agree with him that we should care as much for the rich as for the poor, but until he gives more substance to his arguments he is going to make it more and more difficult to locate the 'intermediate point' between 'the law of the jungle' and 'the brotherhood of man'. We cannot preach to fanatics and fundamentalists unless we know exactly who these people are and what we are supposed to convert them to.

ROGER R. COURT

Panfield Hall, WC1

SIR,—
My colleague, Dr Miliband, scholar and teacher,
Is born again as Christian preacher;
Indeed is now, by double ironical twist,
Brother Ralph the primitive fundamentalist.

BERNARD CRICK

Tankerville
Kingston Hill, Surrey

CHANGING IRELAND

SIR,—I have read many reports on Ireland but none as truthful as the one by Critic in this week's NEW STATESMAN. You may be surprised to learn that I do not want to shoot him for his truthfulness; but, as an Irishman who is concerned about his country and his countrymen, I applaud the remarks of your correspondent. He has said on a previous occasion that he is a friend of the Irish, and the last 'Diary' is proof of this friendship. Only a sincere friend could take so much trouble to understand our problems.

I spent a few weeks in Ireland recently and I noticed a tremendous change. I reached the same conclusions as Critic on every point that he raised. I would, however, add that I was aware of a great deal of Socialism in the talk of the man in the street. They were more willing to discuss the faults of Irish society than ever before. Although I saw many instances of social injustice, I also heard a good deal of self-criticism. No one that I spoke to denied their backwardness in education. No one denied their desire for a Health Service like ours. No one denied that they could benefit by friendlier relations with Britain. These are wonderful signs that the people are at last thinking for themselves, and it is to his everlasting credit that Critic noticed them.

I feel sure that Ireland has many more real friends amongst the readers of the NEW STATESMAN. May I say thank you for your friendship; the Irish people deserve good friends. As De Valera's departure has given the south a chance to become more liberal so may the departure of Lord Brookeborough make things easier for the people of the north.

C. O'BRIEN

60 Auriel Avenue
Dagenham

LIBERALISM IN CENTRAL AFRICA

SIR,—Mr Cox's somewhat ill-tempered letter is based either on ignorance or on a misapprehension. My assertion that there has been 'liberal advance' in Southern Rhodesia does not in any way suggest that racial conditions in that country are better than or equal to those of Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland. Yet, although it has much farther to go, it is a fact that liberal opinion has been more evident in Southern Rhodesia recently than in the other territories.

Whilst Nyasaland remains in a state of emergency and an undemocratic constitution is arbitrarily imposed in Northern Rhodesia, liberal Europeans and Africans have been getting together for the first time in history in Southern Rhodesia. Such liberal advance has certainly not affected the outlook of the Southern Rhodesian government or parliament. But we should not confine our attention simply to what governments and parliaments are doing. In the long run it may well be more significant that in the Central Africa Party Congress held in Salisbury in June prominent members of the banned National Congress joined together with liberal Europeans in establishing a non-racial party, and one of the ex-Congress Africans was unanimously elected a vice-president. I hold that for Europeans and Africans to join in organising a non-racial party with democratic aims is more important in the present circumstances of Central Africa than any government acts or motions.

Whilst making no excuses for any British government which fails to use its veto against discriminatory legislation in Southern Rhodesia, it is nevertheless obvious that this one remaining power is of far less strength than the influence which the British governments can still wield in the two northern Territories. It is also a fact, well known to those with knowledge of Central Africa, that the Labour government used its influence strongly behind the scenes to compel the Southern Rhodesian government to abandon some of its discriminatory measures.

JOHN HATCH

16 Warwick Square, SW1

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS

SIR,—A telephone call from a spokesman at India House, London, drew my attention to the paragraph in London Diary about the traffic in monkeys. The paragraph arose out of the recent distressing incident when over a hundred monkeys in a shipborne consignment from Singapore died on the journey.

The India House spokesman felt that your paragraph implied that the monkeys on this consignment were caught in India. This is not so, and I gladly endorse his wish for a correction. You add parenthetically that monkeys are captured often with great cruelty. Once again the India House spokesman felt that this in its context was something of a slur upon India. I would extend the statement made in the preceding paragraph by saying that there are various countries from which monkeys destined for medical uses are caught. India is a country that has allowed the traffic to continue, but it has imposed numerous regulations which are aimed at minimizing the likelihood of distress to the animals.

Because the word 'cruelty' suggests an intended act, we are careful at the RSPCA to say that the capture of wild animals such as monkeys is fraught with the risk of distress. India's regulations introduce reform both into the handling and into the capturing, but the RSPCA believes that regulations will be particularly difficult to apply in field conditions where the capturing happens, and moreover this Society is convinced that a wild animal like a monkey, because of its efforts to evade capture, is likely, despite regulations, to be exposed to a risk of distress.

I write this letter because I am anxious not to give the impression that India is particularly blameworthy. On the contrary, this country has done perhaps more than any other in the way of regulations to reduce the risk of suffering in this traffic.

J. HALL
Chief Secretary

RSPCA
105 Jermyn Street, SW1

Though artists argue
in *écoles*,
There's just one school
of thought on

BOLS

GENEVER GIN
APRICOT BRANDY
CHERRY BRANDY
BOLSKUMMEL
ADVOKAAT
superb

an unhurried view of EROTICA

by Ralph Ginzburg

introduction by

Dr. Theodor Reik

preface by

George Jean Nathan

AN UNHURRIED VIEW OF EROTICA at last fills the need for a light-hearted work on Erotica. Scholars have long sought for a book that would list the great erotic works, describe their contents, reproduce selected portions, recount the fascinating histories of their survival, and tell where the works could be consulted. Ralph Ginzburg has succeeded admirably in his forthright and lucid survey of Erotica from the earliest times, and perhaps the most valuable part of the book is the bibliography of one hundred selected titles of English Erotica.

Dr. Theodor Reik says of AN UNHURRIED VIEW OF EROTICA: "**The excerpts from erotic literature and the data here collected present valuable contributions not only to sexology, but also to the exploration of the life of unconscious emotions.**"

The late George Jean Nathan wrote: "**His book, I think, will go a long way to analyse and purify censorship of its muddy stink. It should add a valuable dose of history to the disgraceful general picture of the Bluenose as it has poked into and disturbed the literary scene.**"

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Part 1: Precursors of English Erotica.
Part 2: Earliest English Works.
Part 3: The Two Manias.
Part 4: London Becomes World Capital.
Part 5: First American Works.
Part 6: Reference Works.
Part 7: The Erotic Book Market Today.
Part 8: Bibliography of One Hundred Titles.

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SIR,—I found Critic's denunciation of the way in which monkeys are transported by sea to this country from the Far East particularly refreshing, since various of your contributors manage to give the impression that they think anyone who bothers himself about animal welfare is 'soft'.

'How much', asks Critic, 'do the British people really care about cruelty to animals?' I would say that they care very little. At one end of the scale we find widespread cruelty arising from ignorance and stupidity among people who regard themselves as animal lovers. Thousands of freedom-loving budgerigars and canaries are kept in close solitary confinement for life, often hanging like ornaments in windows where there is no escape from the heat of the sun. Similar is the lot of the pet rabbit, kept in some box-like hutch, often, ironically, because its presence is considered of educational value for the children. The same weird process of reasoning urges parents to take their children to the circus, to see misused animals perform unnatural and pointless feats in the ring. And even those animals which are, in fact, well fitted to share our lives, often fare no better. Dogs are all too often stuffed with chocolate and given insufficient exercise—or else left to roam the streets, where they are in constant danger from traffic; while the utter irresponsibility of the vast majority of cat owners is a national scandal.

At the other end of the scale is cruelty arising from blatant indifference. It took over thirty years of active campaigning before the gin trap was finally declared illegal in England and Wales, and it is still in use today in Scotland. As recently as December 1956 a Bill introduced into the House of Commons which would have made obligatory the stunning of cattle and sheep in slaughterhouses before they have their throats cut, was defeated. Very few women buying a fur coat stop to inquire whether the animals of whose pelts it is made were cruelly trapped or not. It has been soberly estimated that the cost of a musquash coat lies somewhere between an aggregate of twenty hours and an aggregate of seven months of the most extreme suffering. And the horrors of the newly-established broiler fowl industry are completely ignored in the rush to get rich quick. Forty million of these birds were killed and marketed last year. After ten weeks of close confinement in litter houses, they are loaded into crates and sent to the broiler plants; and on arrival they are clamped head-downwards on to a moving rail, which takes one and a half minutes to reach the slaughterman, who cuts their throats while they are fully conscious.

How often, in intelligent and apparently liberal-minded company, is one given to understand that concern over such matters is misplaced in a world where there is so much human misery. Yet in my experience all cruelty springs from the same attitude of mind; and the man who is indifferent to the sufferings of animals is also likely to be indifferent to those of his fellow men.

MARGARET BIRD

23 Marketgate
Crail, Fife

SERJEANT MUSGRAVE'S DANCE

SIR,—What the hell is the NEW STATESMAN, anyway? Are you really the voice of Socialism, humanism, serious thought? You publish pointed comment on Hola, Suez, Segregation, and Take-Over Bids. Fine; but where is the logic of such a policy when your theatre column encourages your readers to wallow in the mental climate which is a fertiliser for such atrocities? Or are the arts merely an after-dinner pastime after all?

Week after week one waits for a critical impaling of theatrical miscarriages. One by one they slip by, from the inept inanities of *Look After Lulu*, the pseudo-seriousness of *The Ginger Man* and *Make Me An Offer?*, to the devilish cunning of *One More River* (how close to Fascism can you *get?*)—all tentatively analysed, but passed as fit for 'entertainment'. When a play does appear, like John Arden's *Serjeant Musgrave's Dance*, which burns with the excitement of exploration, and which comments, seriously and theatrically, on a subject which *matters*, your reviewer reacts like a matinée lady whose mind has been outraged, taking refuge in the old, face-saving formula of 'it might have been a very good play if . . .'.

I have no connection with the Royal Court Theatre, and therefore no axe to grind except that I care about good theatre just as I care about good politics. May I plead with any of your readers who also care, to side-step Mr Alvarez and go along to the Royal Court to see this fine play—now, before it is too late.

TOM MILNE

Encore
25 Howland St
W1

[Our critic judged *Serjeant Musgrave's Dance* in the only way that a reputable critic can judge a play—as a whole. He found the aim of the play excellent, but explained, in constructive terms, why he thought it had not made effective drama. The assumption behind Mr Milne's outburst seems to be that a Socialist paper should refrain from criticising the production of a Socialist play and should automatically dismiss all others as worthless even when they are good entertainment. In point of fact, Mr Alvarez has strongly criticised each of the plays which Mr Milne cites as 'theatrical miscarriages'. We support Mr Milne in hoping that readers will go to see *Serjeant Musgrave's Dance*, which Mr Alvarez discussed not as an outraged matinée lady but as an honest critic who fully endorsed the author's protest against violence but was bound to say that he found the production faulty.—ED., *NS.*]

THE LOCKERS

SIR,—Last week's comment on the purchase by this Borough Council of the house and land owned by Mr Hart contains the statement that 'he was the chief planner of the new town development which has brought about the great increase in the value of his land'. In deciding the maximum price the Borough Council could pay, the district valuer was obliged (under Section 9 of the Town and Country Planning Act, 1959) to discount any increase in value attributable to the new town development. Thus the price of £40,000 was, in the valuer's estimation, the market value the property would have had if no new town had been built here.

In private sales, of course, the market is completely free. If the property had gone to public auction, as the owner had earlier announced was his intention, those who know the local property market well are confident it would have fetched £50,000 or more. Instead the owner sold it to the local authority for £40,000.

W. THOMAS
Finance Committee Chairman

Town Hall
Hemel Hempstead

STREET OFFENCES

SIR,—Women of easy virtue now so rudely forced off our streets need not despair. Gentlemen finding themselves unaccompanied may yet be obliged to hire them as companions to escape the attentions of the police. Perhaps, indeed, we move into a new age of chivalry with the roles reversed, when women knight-errants will rescue benighted men from the perils of the way.

FRANCIS MACXARILL

250 Camden Road
NW1

ELECTION INQUEST

SIR,—Why all this inquest on the election? Did not Emerson say all that was necessary on the subject: 'Men are conservative when they are least vigorous, or when they are most luxurious. They are conservatives after dinner'.

A. E. MORGAN

The Athenæum, SW1

CHILDREN'S BOOKS

The Child and the Animal

EACH successive autumn produces a new crop of children's books about animals, but the presentation of the animal to the child is so varied that there would seem little in the way of common aim between the authors beyond an understandable desire to sell as many copies as possible. Sales are, after all, criteria of entertainment value, and even the most reflective of writers about children's books reach a surprisingly rapid and unanimous conclusion that the primary object is to entertain. But the most cursory examination of literature for children suggests that while entertainment may be the main conscious motive there is another extremely powerful and often obtrusive factor. The great majority of children's books are positively loaded with propaganda for the *mores* of our society and religion, at any rate in its fundamentals, and this is so universal, taken so much for granted, that it rarely receives much conscious consideration from parent, child, or author. Only in its negative aspect – when, for example, a child's comic portrays and exalts blatantly sadistic, aggressive, or destructive behaviour – does the subject begin to surface. There is some agreement, in other words, about what a child's literary diet should *not* be, but there is comparatively little policy on the positive side.

Once the eye is opened to the weight of propaganda that even the simplest nursery tales carry, it is easier to understand why it is the animal kingdom rather than the human that peoples their pages. For propaganda to be successful its medium must be an entity with which the recipient can identify him or herself. Small children readily identify themselves with animals, rarely with other small children, and almost never with adults, who are activated for the greater part of the time by motives entirely outside the child's comprehension. Between itself and the animal the child senses affinities never formulated by adult explorers of the child's mind until a few decades ago; the child and the animal, too, share the common control, the Boss Man, of the adult world, and so the identification between child and animal becomes surprisingly complete. These affinities are real, not fancied, but to many they appear as an affront; and among adults, strangely, the greater the gloss of religious conviction the greater the desire to deny the cousinship. (Among the Roman Catholic families I know, few keep household pets; a number will tolerate cats but comparatively few establish dogs in their conventional British position.) At this early stage the child rarely identifies himself with the aggressor in a predatory situation; it is with the hare that he flees, rejoices with the fox at his eleventh-hour escape. He is not with the pack, who represent to him in some sense the uncomprehended and alarming adult world outside his family. It is, however, perfectly acceptable for an animal hero to attack, even to kill, an aggressive human – thus, perhaps, satisfying a child need for aggression against the adult world, for it seems that a child often equates the Bad Man of such a situation with a known adult. The Charles Addams joke of the dragon who eats the gallant knight and the beautiful princess and lives happily ever after is not, in fact, so wide of the child's mark. (We are on dangerous ground on the subject of the Bad Man; Peter Rabbit must now present certain problems. 'Where have all the rabbits gone, Mummy?' 'We gave them all a horrid disease, darling, and they died.' 'Why, Mummy?' 'Well they ate up all our food so we had to – and do stop saying "why", darling.' 'Did you kill Peter Rabbit too, Mummy? – Oh *Mummy!*' I remember just such a conflict over the mice in the *Tailor of Gloucester* and the mouse-traps in the pantry.)

Because of this tremendous sympathy the animal world is clearly the best medium either for entertainment or sub-threshold instruction of

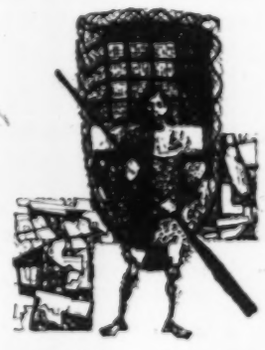
Good Books For Children

The Sleeping Beauty
Felix Hoffmann
The familiar story has been retold in a picture book that will delight everyone. Illustrated by the author
To be published on 26 November
12s 6d NET

A Bell for Ursli
Selina Chonz
A picture book which tells the story of a little Swiss boy who wants a large bell to carry in a procession. Illustrated by Alois Carigiet
12s 6d NET

Kashtanka
Anton Chekhov
Kashtanka is a dog who loses her master and joins a circus. Illustrated by William Stobbs
10s 6d NET

Ships
John Stewart Murphy
A clear and concise account of the history of shipbuilding, for younger children. Illustrated by Charles Keeping
9s 6d NET



Oxford University Press

The Summer in Between
Eleanor Spence
Faith, an Australian girl, spends a marvellous summer making new friends and writing a play for them to act. Illustrated by Marcia Lane Foster
10s 6d NET

The Race for Gowrie Bay
Peter Dawlish
Nipper's first voyage on his father's boat develops into an exciting race for the fishing rights in Gowrie Bay against a rival boat. Illustrated by Christopher Brooker
10s 6d NET

Barboche
Henri Bosco
An imaginative story, set in Provence, which tells of a journey made by Pascalet, Aunt Martine and the dog Barboche. Illustrated by Lynton Lamb
10s 6d NET

Her First Ball
edited by Hester Burton
A collection of modern short stories for the older reader. Illustrated by Susan Einzig
10s 6d NET

The Brave Cowboy by Joan Walsh Anglund tells of one day in the life of a small boy who is 'at the cowboy stage'. 7*s* 6*d*, *November* 30.

Titus in Trouble, told by James Reeves and illustrated in colour by Edward Ardizzone, is about a boy who longed to go to sea. 12*s* 6*d*.

The Happy Lion Roars by Louise Fatio and Roger Duvoisin is the second book about a favourite nursery character. 8*s* 6*d*.

Petunia Takes a Trip by Roger Duvoisin is a new story about the adventurous goose, Petunia. 8*s* 6*d*, *November* 30.

Continent in the Sky by Paul Berna is a second exciting novel about the Suzan space research station. *Illustrated*, 10*s* 6*d*.

Elephant Road by René Guillot gives superb descriptions of African life. The illustrations are by Don Higgins, 10*s* 6*d*.

The Bombard by Henry Treece tells of the Battle of Crécy and the use of the first cannon. *Illustrated*, 12*s* 6*d*, *November* 30.

Fresh News from Sherwood by Donald Suddaby contains seven entirely new tales about Robin Hood. *Illustrated*, 10*s* 6*d*.

The Hunted King by Laurence Meynell is about the flight of Charles II from Worcester. 12*s* 6*d*.

The Light-Blue Hills by Gladys Mitchell is a contemporary novel set in the Aegean Islands. 10*s* 6*d*.

The Reluctant Dragon by Kenneth Grahame is one of the best loved stories from *Dream Days*. Newly illustrated by Peggy Fortnum and presented as an Acorn Library book. 7*s* 6*d*.

Three at the Sea by David Severn is the second Acorn Library book, a series of first reading books for young children. *Illustrated*, 7*s* 6*d*.

BODLEY HEAD

BOOKS FOR CHILDREN AND YOUNG PEOPLE

the small child, and it is plain, too, that the child's story-book is a powerful and slackly handled agent of indoctrination. Slackly handled, because if the story succeeds in entertaining it will be long remembered; the mind of the small child receives from any book that is truly absorbing impressions as lasting as footprints in wet cement. Thus it would be very difficult for a tale to entertain *only*; if it does entertain it will do more. Given this remarkable receptivity and the ready media of animal stories, at what should the writer aim?

He must use a limited vocabulary with great skill, and he must use it to stimulate, to instruct and to influence. This may at first sight appear totalitarian, but these are basically the aims of every parent. The child even more than the adult has a deep unconscious need for a structure that will help to unify and interpret experience, whether personal or vicarious – the need to find a shape in things, even if it is a simplified shape. It seems to me that the first essential is for that shape to approximate to truth, for children's stories to carry a meaning that relates them both to life as the child knows it and as he will know it. There should be a possible 'carry-over'; above all there should be a possible extension of the child's quick sympathy with the animal to an identification and sympathy with other humans, for that is one of the rarest adult virtues. The child is full of compassion for a limited sphere of beings, while the same quality is strikingly absent in the young adult; there is, I think, much evidence that it can be achieved by using animals as a stepping-stone, a necessary stage, almost, of the journey.

Thus to provide a child with a structure, a framework in which it may by degrees complete a jigsaw puzzle of which we lay a few key pieces, we should avoid – if we would avoid later confusion – the presentation of animal lies that are in the last analysis human lies too. While a certain amount of anthropomorphising and of simplification are at first indispensable to the child, and much as yet uncomprehended instinctive behaviour must be eliminated, I think the answer is that animals should be shown to the child much as they really are, for it is difficult to see how a deliberately unreal presentation of the natural order can be other than muddling and handicapping. The simplification must be handled very carefully; it would seem, for example, that the acceptance of the villain as being absolute, or of a whole species as group villains, can logically only foster an intolerance that we should deplore in the adult. Kipling, for a Victorian, avoided this with extraordinary dexterity – leaving in my recollection only the Red Dogs of the Deccan as the pack symbol to hate and fear, for Shere Khan had too much majesty to qualify for hatred. In the *Jungle Books* Kipling used the intermediary of Mowgli to show in conversation with savage and superficially unsympathetic creatures less fearful aspects of their natures; and though, writing from a biblical tradition, he used his snakes in their conventional role, they fascinated more than they repelled.

Mowgli was, of course, a unifier; his brazen throat spoke every jungle tongue, he was a little friend of all the world. The necessity for such a figure at some level has exercised all the best of children's writers. It is the word 'friend' that is important, and Kenneth Grahame in his presentation of Pan found it either essential or unavoidable, for though he had necessarily to strip the God of his less mentionable attributes – and, indeed, to re-create him unrecognisable in all but name – Grahame felt the need to place some benign deity over his animal caste. For reasons both personal and doctrinal the Christian deity simply would not fit; and in this field there is, of course, an awkward contradiction, one that because it does sometimes exercise a child's mind demands attention both from writers and conscientious Christian parents: not a sparrow falls, etc., but when it does fall it stays fallen, while man does not. This is a somewhat unacceptable hypothesis for the child. Logically, this question could only be ignored altogether if children's books were no longer conditioners; as that situation is both improbable and undesirable some such figure as Grahame's Pan is one satisfactory solution to the child. The role of such a Pan is, however, in the last analysis the role of ecology in nature. Animal characters presented not *in vacuo* but in their true ecological background, however simplified, could do more to stimulate a child's interest and imagination than the nebulous concept of yet another deity.

In a short article one cannot attempt definitive criteria for children's animal stories. This is, rather, a plea for more complete and general recognition of the thesis expounded in such books as *The Hidden Persuaders*, a plea that those who write about animals for children should know their subject intimately – as did, for example, the late Ernest Thompson Seton – and a plea for a level of prose at least as high as the entertainment value. If these three considerations were constantly in the mind of the writer there would, certainly, be fewer authors of children's books about animals, but here quality should, as in other fields of literature, be more important than quantity.

GAVIN MAXWELL

In the Plus Direction

Trials for the Chalet School. By ELINOR M. BRENT-DYER. *Chambers*. 7*s*. 6*d*.

Emperor of Space. By TOM ALLUM. *Blackie*. 9*s*. 6*d*.

The Lark in the Morn. By ELFRIDA VIPONT. *Oxford*. 5*s*.

The fact that pony literature is unmentioned here (for want of room, if nothing else) does not mean juvenile riders are uncatered for this year. Such books abound, with soiled jodhpurs and standing martingales on every page, but novelty is sadly lacking. Couldn't a Grand National winner be disguised as a muscle-packed strawberry roan with false eyelashes and cruppers, or something, and scoop every prize at the Gymkhana? The Hon. Mrs Partley-Drake spots the imposture ('I say! Bad show!') while pinning on rosettes and Sandra is banned from the Mucking-out Competition, or whatever is most wounding. It's just an idea.

Trials for the Chalet School finds Miss Brent-Dyer in spanking form and with girls as bizarrely named as ever – Emerence Hope, Zita Rincini, Amandine Robinet, Prudence Dawbarn, Blossom Willoughby and Verity Carey (a mezzo-soprano

with gentian eyes). Prominent among the trials is a new girl, Naomi Elton, who is crippled and 'warped' ('My people were agnostics, I believe'). In class she corrects 'a light misquotation of the Head's with a suave certainty' and resents Jocelyn Fawcett's merry chatter:

> 'I had no idea', she said icily, 'that in a school where the girls were *supposed* to be gentlewomen – at least, I imagine so – people would be so totally incapable of anything approaching real conversation'.

Attempts are made to cheer poor Naomi up ('Squat on our toboggan') but after meeting the art master ('You speak German, hein?') she comes a cropper on the ice and conks completely out. Barely recovered, she is cheered up again ('Who will tow Naomi?') before being nearly swept away by an avalanche (see generously coloured jacket). Even in the final pages of the book she is hurled out of a motor-bicycle combination and fetches up against a boulder. So much for agnosticism.

The Chalet School has an unusual Mademoiselle (*'Eh bien, mes petites'*) who zooms about on skis wearing bright red and has even been spotted careering down the Cresta. *How* Miss Brazil would have frowned! Matron ('Matey', off duty) is reliability itself when Margot, in Pansy dorm, gets delirious ('Scarlet, I'm afraid') and takes temps all round. Mary-Lou Trelawny is now Head Girl ('Take over, Vi, will you?') and her eyes 'glint like pieces of steel' when pranksome juniors stuff the Lost Property cupboard with pilfered possessions – Lesley Bethune's snap-album, Vi's tennis Six badge, Miss Farrars's map-case ('awfully nifty'), Richenda Fry's umbrella, and Matron's reading-glass ('Whoever did this must have been at my drawers'). The ringleader is Aline Russell (Lady Russell's girl, you know) and the discovered culprits 'weep like waterspouts' (poor little Tessa de Bersac is particularly sodden).

In *Emperor of Space*, Guy Abbott, fifteen-year-old president of his school astronautical society, is lucky enough to meet Professor Julian Harvey who has 'an air of breeding' and a home-made, unlicensed, electro-magnetic space-ship ('Professor, this is simply terrific') in a hangar in his garden. The arrival of four escaping convicts settles the crew problem and, at pistol-point they are pressed into service ('"Enter!", the Professor ordered hysterically'). In two twos the contraption is soaring away ('Frankly, its efficiency surprised me') towards the planet Imperator. Speed: 25,000 m.p.h. Food: tins containing 'a balanced meal rendered to a thick paste with gelatine'. The pince-nezed Professor ('Goodbye for now') becomes slightly deranged at take-off and the convicts are nothing but cross-patches. A meteor ('Gosh, a meteor!') nearly hits them, but the landing on Imperator is safely accomplished ('Remain calm, everyone'), the Professor 'deftly flicking the locking pin from the handwheel hub'. Vegetation on Imperator is lobed and comes in delicate pastel shades. Warning everybody to beware of strange smells, the gifted savant steps out, only to fall flat, dead as a doornail. Can Guy, with the smoothing rectifier dented, pilot the space-ship? 'I'll try, but honestly I think it's beyond me.'

Meanwhile, Dr Harold Emsworth's rocket-ship has also landed. Speed: 'exceptional'. Food: porridge, cocoa, lamb chops. Traitor: kindly supplied by the Ministry of Fuel and Power. Radio contact is made with the earth ('Your parents are well') and the party takes a stroll ('We'll travel openly, chatting as the fancy takes us'). The return journey ('He moved the vertical lever one notch of the ratchet in the plus direction') seems rather less unnerving than a spin down Piccadilly, and there are Mum and Dad on the landing-strip ('Pity you couldn't have had your hair cut').

Lark in the Morn brings us to Heryot Friends' School, where Sylvia Felpham is simply topping to Kit Haverard ('I say – thanks awfully'). There are two music mistresses, Miss Fishwick, who is aquiline-nosed and has Beethoven's death-mask over her upright, and Miss Tattersall who, despite training by Madame Cantelina herself, tends to slop about in 'a négligée of petunia-coloured silk and feather-trimmed mules to match'. The great Simon Trent ('simply divine') comes down to sing, and Kit, dead nuts on music, is permitted to explore his ribs and diaphragm. Tattersall (Fishwick has 'flu) accompanies him, getting flustered at rehearsal ('We'll start with the Scarlatti. I'm not going to sing out'). At the concert, Tatty goes to pieces, contributing in the trickier passages one note per bar, but sharply recovers her aplomb ('Let's all have a chocolate'). Simon Trent, a keen gargler, appears again at a charity concert (floods in West China), bringing with him Rudolf Brenner ('You like my playing, hein?') and his 'priceless Strad', but this time Old Fish is at the ivories ('Would you care to turn over for me? I haven't had a good turner-over since Sylvia Felpham left'). Is there, you wonder, an attempt on Herr Brenner's valuable instrument? But of course, foiled by Kit, who subsequently warbles her way into everyone's heart, in front of Sir Geoffrey Chauntesinger too, at yet another charity concert (earthquake in India).

ARTHUR MARSHALL

For railway enthusiasts: E. F. Carter's *Famous Trains of the World* and *True Book about Railways* (Muller, 9*s.* 6*d.* and 8*s.* 6*d.*).

A SELECTION OF FABER BOOKS

The Earth is Your Spaceship

By K. V. BAILEY. This exciting book is based on the idea of the earth whirling through outer space like a great spaceship. No other book makes it so easy to understand the theories and technical details involved in modern astronomy. With 9 plates, one in colour. 12/6

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By AARON JUDAH. Fairy tales, told in the idiom of today, full of inventive detail and a rich sense of fun. Drawings by MERVYN PEAKE. 9/6

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By AARON JUDAH. Another gifted story from versatile Aaron Judah, about a very grumpy old man who was one day transformed. Drawings by RICHARD KENNEDY. (Nov. 20) 10/6

The River at Green Knowe

By L. M. BOSTON. Mrs Boston's new "Green Knowe" story is set in the summertime. The children explore in their canoe the sights and sounds and smells of the river world. Drawings by PETER BOSTON. 13/6

The Story of Moses

By WALTER DE LA MARE. A fine retelling of the Bible story, uniform with *The Story of Joseph*. Drawings by EDWARD ARDIZZONE. 9/6

Wuffles Goes to Town

ELIZABETH & GERALD ROSE repeat the success of *How St Francis Tamed the Wolf*. Illustrated throughout, half in colour. 12/6

The Animal Game

By CHARLOTTE HOUGH. The spirited new picture-story book by the author-illustrator of *Jim Tiger*, *Morton's Pony* and *Mr Pinks*. Illustrated throughout in colour. (Nov. 20) 9/6

Pimpernel and the Poodle

By DAVID E. WALKER. The friendly and lovable hero of *The Fat Cat Pimpernel* joins forces with Yorick the Poodle. Illustrated by ALAN HOWARD, half in colour. (Nov. 20) 9/6

Cow's Party

By MARIE HALL ETS. A delicious picture book about Cow, who decided to share the luscious grass in her meadow with all the other animals. Illustrated in colour by the author. (Dec. 4) 10/6

Margery Sharp
THE RESCUERS
'Her first book for children is as witty and appealing as any of her novels.'
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'Miss Bianca the sophisticated and lovely white mouse takes the lead in this funny, charming and very prettily written story.' SIRIOL HUGH JONES 8s 6d

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JAMES WITHOUT THOMAS
'For good readers, a must.'
NOEL STREATFEILD 10s 6d

Ashanti Boy
AKOSUA ABBS
An exciting story of Ghana which 'should be read by as many young people as possible'. GUARDIAN 10s 6d

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FRIDAY'S TUNNEL
'First class up-to-the minute adventure tale.' STAR 12s 6d

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MICHAEL BOND
That mischievous little bear Paddington 'as lovable and troublesome as ever'.
ELIZABETHAN 8s 6d

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Something Special
B. Schenk de Regniers and Irene Haas have collected a wonderful assortment of verses, songs and games. Delightfully illustrated. 8s 6d

Ethelbert and the Witch Doctor
ROSEMARY HOYLAND
The popular yellow and black striped tiger has some startling new adventures. 10s 6d

Introducing Science

The Signs of Civilisation. By LANCELOT HOGBEN. *Rathbone.* 18*s.* 6*d.*

The Conquest of Air. Edited by FERNAND BOUTEILLE. *Burke.* 15*s.*

The Conquest of Fire. Edited by FERNAND BOUTEILLE. *Burke.* 15*s.*

The World of Science. By JANE WERNER WATSON. *Adprint.* 25*s.*

Things To Do With Seeds. By MILLICENT E. SELSAM. *Chatto & Windus.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

More Power to You. By HERMAN and NINA SCHNEIDER. *Brockhampton Press.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

These days nearly everyone agrees that science is important, but the question is, important for what? And, if our children are to grow up learning more science, what sort of science are they to learn? Fundamental questions like these are often impatiently brushed aside by the let's-get-on-with-the-job school, but we must insist on deciding just what the job is. Is it to ensure that the next generation knows all about sputniks and the other side of the moon, or is it not rather to enrich their understanding of themselves and their fellow humans? Or, distinguishing rather differently, is it to stuff children with the facts of science or to bring them to think scientifically?

With *The Signs of Civilisation,* Lancelot Hogben stakes yet one more claim to the proud title of scientific populariser. Like all good ones, he has himself that clarity of conception which permits simplification without distortion; and, like the few other great ones, he has that respect for his juvenile readers which prohibits writing-down. Admirably served by his designer and publisher, he has produced a book in which text and illustration are a unity. Young minds of any age will enjoy this story of the development of communication through painting and script, in stone and by pen and by print, by photographs and by electronics. Most of the subject-matter of the book would not normally be called 'Science', but its whole spirit is a lesson in scientific method.

Two other beautifully produced books are *The Conquest of Fire* and *The Conquest of Air,* both translated from the French. Each presents scientific advance as an historical process, which is the only way to understand it, and each succeeds in conveying the romance of science without romanticising. Legend and myth appear as early efforts at generalisation and, while properly discarded, are given the respect which is their due. As the stories unfold of these two major conquests, it becomes clear how integrally scientific advance is one with culture generally, and that is a lesson we badly need to learn. The text of these two books will not be easy for many children, for it is evident that neither author nor translator is familiar with the appropriate vocabulary range and sentence complexity. However, the dullet child will gain a lot from the illustrations and the brighter one will be impelled to struggle through the text. But, perhaps, those who would benefit most from these books would be that great majority of educated adults who are scientifically illiterate, and it is to be hoped that they will not be put off by the child-book format.

The World of Science, graced throughout by colour illustrations of high excellence, is a book to taste in many small bits rather than to devour whole. The specialists consulted in its preparation are a guarantee of reliability, and the author has succeeded in imposing a uniformity of style on widely disparate materials. The elements of geology and astronomy are here, and so are those of chemistry and physics. Biology is perhaps under-represented, but that is a common complaint against scientific compendia. Of course, no amount of reading science is any substitute for doing it, any more than reading about painting can take the place of putting pigment on canvas, but this admirable book should stimulate the scientific imagination of any child whose mind has not yet been quite deadened by his schooling. Even the excitement of mathematics is communicated, and that is a rare feat.

Few authors set themselves the task of producing popular guides to *doing* science, and this is so important an endeavour that one must look kindly on it even when not brilliantly successful. *Things To Do With Seeds* and *More Power to You* are both in this difficult genre and each is worth having in the Junior School Library. It is, of course, not easy to make an impressive display of a book which guides children in the performance of simple experiments with jam jars and saucers and apple pips, but this is the very stuff of science. Rather more exciting are model windmills and electric motors made from odd household scraps, but still not immediately impressive. Of course, if we had an educational system which gave science, as a practical activity of the human spirit, the central place in primary schools which it should have, books like these would not be necessary. But that seems such a remote prospect that one must welcome every reasonably satisfactory effort of this sort.

CYRIL BIBBY

Other Countries

As Far as Singapore. By PAMELA BROWN. *Brockhampton Press.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The School Train. By HELEN ACKER. *Abelard-Schuman.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Ashanti Boy. By AKOSUA ABBS. *Collins.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Ann and Peter in Denmark. By NANCY MARTIN. **Ann and Peter in Southern Germany.** By ELIZABETH EINBERG. **Ann and Peter in Southern Spain.** By THEO CALLAS. *Muller.* 9*s.* 6*d.* each.

The Twins of India. By DENIS SHAW. *Cape.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

The Young Traveller in Belgium. By K. M. WILLCOX. *Phoenix.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Children of the Hidden Valley and **Children of the Barges.** By HENRY C. JAMES. *Hutchinson.* 8*s.* 6*d.* each.

Michel of Switzerland and **Jan of Holland.** By PETER BUCKLEY. *Chatto & Windus.* 9*s.* 6*d.* each.

Anything for children must be readable and lively: no amount of instruction will be the slightest use if it stays in the book unread. It is for this reason that first place must be given to *As Far as Singapore,* even though it is the least ambitious in what it is trying to present, and we learn far more about western travellers than we do about the people of the East. It is so agreeably written, with just the right mixture of candour and sophistication, that it is sure to be an instant success among the older girls for whom it is designed, and in reading it they will share the excitement of flying and feel that they are staying in the heat of Singapore.

Then there are two stories dealing with the problems of children of other lands. Both these are good. *The School Train* is the shorter, and would appeal to somewhat younger children:

QUEEN MOST FAIR
Jane Oliver

Two young people rescue Mary, Queen of Scots, from Douglas Castle. By the author of *Bonfire in the Wind*, etc. *Illustrated.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

ALL THE PROUD TRIBESMEN
Kylie Tennant

In her first book for children the distinguished Australian novelist tells of the adventures of pearl-divers and tribesmen on a volcanic island. *Illustrated.* 11*s.* 6*d.*

MAGIC OR NOT?
Edward Eager

Another intriguing story by the author of such favourites as *Magic by the Lake, The Time Garden*, etc. *Illustrated.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

THE WONDERS OF SEEDS
Alfred Stefferud

The fascinating story of the life cycle of seeds and how man has begun to unravel the mystery of their growth. *Illustrated.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

THE DAHLIA'S CARGO
Roger Pilkington

Afloat with the Branxome family as they cross Sweden by river, lake and canal. *Illustrated.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

CAPTAIN ANSON & THE TREASURE OF SPAIN
Captain Frank Knight

One of the most daring exploits in the history of the Royal Navy. *Illustrated.* 15*s.*

THE ISLE OF DOGS
Rosemary Anne Sisson

A tale of pure fantasy mixed with real life adventure. *Illustrated.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

WHO BUILT THE DAM?
Norman Bate

An exciting story as well as a fine picture book about machinery. *Illustrated.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

MACMILLAN

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FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

Easter Meeting
ELIZABETH WAUD Young readers will love the horses in this story, and they will enthusiastically share the adventures of the boys and girls holidaying on a stud farm *Illustrated.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Great Exploits of the Second World War
G. F. LAMB A further selection of notable episodes dealing with rescues, escapes, and survivals by the author of *Thrilling Exploits of Modern Adventure*, etc. *Illustrated* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Christmas Drama Book
IRENE GASS This book includes monologue sketches, poems, humorous and straight plays, a Christmas quiz, carols, etc. In fact there is something for everyone, young and old. *Illustrated.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

Johnny Reb
PHILIP WILDING A thrilling story of the American Civil War with an authentic historical background. "Adult readers will find it as interesting as the younger members of the family . . . gripping and authentic."—*Dublin E. Herald.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

For Younger Boys & Girls

Flying Foal Books
A new series of books specially written for young readers who are now ready for their first full-length story. First two titles: *The Secret Curtains* by Rosemary Garland, and *The Magic Sea-shell* by Margaret J. Baker. Each, 96 pp. *Illustrated.* 6*s.* 6*d.*

Captain Bill and His Jungle Magic
HASSOLDT DAVIS In this unusual travel book Captain Bill tells of the many occasions in which magic got him out of tight corners. Instructions are given for performing 18 of his conjuring tricks. *Illustrated.* (Dec. 7). 10*s.* 6*d.*

Elfrida & The Pig
JOHN SYMONDS Elfrida, the Clever Child who has much Latin and History but no playthings at all, rides off one night on the back of the Pig next door and discovers Mr. Manypenny and his house full of dolls. *Illustrated by Edward Ardizzone.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

NELSON
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A Boy Goes Trouting
G. P. R. BALFOUR-KINNEAR

Comprehensive, expert and detailed advice for boy trouters given by the famous angler and author of *Catching Salmon and Sea-Trout.* Diagrams and 15 halftone plates *12s 6d*

First House — PAMELA BROWN
An actor's family made a home in a disused country railway station. How this led to another 'first house' makes exciting reading. Illustrated by Drake Brookshaw *26 November 10s 6d*

Welsh Legendary Tales
ELISABETH SHEPPARD-JONES

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The Story of Greece — The Story of Rome
MARY MACGREGOR'S fifty-year-old favourites completely re-set, re-designed and re-illustrated by Robert Hodgson. *Each 21s*

MICHAEL GRANT and DON POTTINGER

GREEKS
Two-colour pictures on every page. 'An admirable and entertaining survey of Greek activity.' *Observer* *12s 6d*

LET'S GO CAMPING! by Druce Raven is one of the fine new titles in the paper-backed *NELSON JUNIORS 2/6*

probably to anyone up to nine or ten. It gives a clear, cold picture of the wilderness of the Canadian north, where two tough and enterprising youngsters, sons of an isolated trapper, trek for days across the winter snow for the chance of learning to read. *Ashanti Boy* deals with the same problem of education under difficulties, but this time the setting is the tropical heat of Ghana where all sorts of hazards beset young Kofi Boetang as he puts himself through school. Miss Abbs writes with an attractive sympathy. I was most impressed with the way in which she scatters good and bad, cussedness and kindness, among black and white alike, and shows great understandinig for them all.

Each of these stories stand on its own. But it is growing more and more common for tales of other lands to turn themselves into a series, and when one book has proved a success, companion volumes seem bound to come too. This can even be overwhelming – in the series called 'The Kennedys Abroad', for example, we meet in a single season *Ann and Peter in Denmark, in Southern Germany*, and also *in Southern Spain*. Though they share the same two central characters, each book has a different author, and local life comes in as an incidental background to the treasure hunts and chases that dominate the children's holidays abroad. As stories of adventure all three are good, but it is Mr Callas, in Southern Spain, who gives the clearest picture of the country.

The Twins of India is the latest addition to what may have been the original of the whole idea, for this series was in action long before the war. This particular volume has been well worth waiting for. The story and the drawings are entirely right for the life of India today, and the twins themselves are such nice children, small and lovable and brown. Another veteran series is the Young Travellers, and this year we have *The Young Traveller in Belgium*. Like its predecessors it is more than a guide-book, less than a tale of adventure. But for any child who is looking forward to a Belgian holiday it would make a fine introduction to the country.

There are two new series starting up, and it is strange that both should deal with Switzerland and Holland. Luckily they are aimed at children of different ages, and should not overlap each other's markets. *Children of the Hidden Valley* and *Children of the Barges* are for very young readers, or even for those who are not yet readers at all. The brilliant colours of their photographs are a conspicuous delight. *Michel of Switzerland* and *Jan of Holland* are good for the eights to thirteens. Their photographs are in black and white, but there are plenty of them and some are very striking indeed. Both books are admirably up to date and forward-looking. We have not only the pastoral life of Switzerland, with cows and peaks and festivals and cheese, but also the problem of poverty in the valleys and the urge for adaptation to the times. There is an impressive chapter on the great electric power project deep inside the mountains at Arolla. And in Holland Jan is involved in the giant effort to reclaim the Ijssel Lake. We follow the great machines at work, and see what fundamental changes this must make to the fisherman whose fishing grounds will soon be polder soil. All this is excellent. It is geography at its very best: people of other countries are not shown solely as the possessors of quaint customs and of curious age-old traditions, but as people like ourselves who are coping all the time with new problems and with the challenge of their land and age.

JENNIFER BOURDILLON

URSULA MORAY WILLIAMS

The Nine Lives of Island Mackenzie

Illustrated by EDWARD ARDIZZONE

Mackenzie is the latest newcomer to that select band—the Glorious Cats of Fiction. The story of his desert island adventures will captivate every child who can manage to snatch it from his parents. *12s 6d net*

JOHN TOWNSEND

The Rocket-Ship Saboteurs

Illustrated by IONICUS

An enthralling, strictly scientific story about two boys who foil the attempt of foreign agents to sabotage a top-secret rocket station. *9s 6d net*

CHATTO & WINDUS

Decent Chaps

Friday's Tunnel. By JOHN VERNEY. *Collins.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Mystery Mine. By MALCOLM SAVILLE. *Newnes.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The Pennor Mine Mystery. By WALLACE NICHOLLS. *Dobson.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

James Without Thomas. By GILLIAN AVERY. *Collins.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The Honeysuckle Line. By ROSEMARY WEIR. *Max Parrish.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

The Rocket-Ship Saboteurs. By JOHN TOWNSEND. *Chatto & Windus.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

A Shark on the Saltings. By DAN CORBY. *Max Parrish.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

To judge from the pile I've just read, children's stories still means books about middle-class children for middle-class children. The working-class performs even now one of two classic roles: they are clowns, or they are assistant villains. On the rare occasions when they are assigned heroic parts, they aren't even allowed to drop their aitches. For run of the mill children's literature the year is still 1935, and the poor man still at the rich man's gate, so that references to such contemporary phenomena as the Teddy boy, the H-bomb and the cult of the pony are extraordinarily anachronistic. Britannia still rules the waves, heroes are all decent chaps with decent accents, and the wogs, wops, dagoes, frogs or what you will, still begin at Calais. This makes everything much easier.

So does the type-casting. Heroes are invariably truthful, manly, slim, and loyal to the group. Above all things they are loyal. They're good at games, fair at scholastic work, and they call adult males 'sir' provided that the adult males wear tweeds and smoke pipes. Heroines are the same, except that they ride ponies and are, in a vague, refined sort of way, artistic. The rogue male of children's fiction, the character like Huckleberry Finn, seems to be a thing of the past, and I for one regret his passing. Conformity is a virtue only to the weak-willed.

Friday's Tunnel does strike a blow for individualism. The Callendars, Mr Verney's heroes, have real charm and separate identities. Daddy is a newspaper correspondent, mummy paints. The children, Friday (male) and February, Abigail, Beryllium, Chrysogon and Desdemona (female), despite their deplorable names, are credible and attractive. The story, told by February, concerns the attempt of almost every foreign power to gain control of an amazing mineral called caprium, and gives Mr Verney some fine opportunities to discuss the relative values of patriotism and humanism. Not that moral considerations obtrude. There are sinister strangers, fights, chases, alarums, excursions, and a pony called Gorse. There is also a comic gardener called Mr Toop, but he doesn't obtrude either. A really bright twelve plus should enjoy this one.

Mystery Mine also deals with an amazing mineral. A group of children called the Lone Piners spiritedly foil the attempts of two inept crooks to take over a uranium mine in Yorkshire. The adventure content seemed of secondary importance. Mr Saville is far happier exploring the personal relationships of the Lone Piners. He has a delicate touch with Young Love (which, it appears, is here to stay) and labours away at a pair of comic twins who say 'cos' and 'ackcherley'. Girls in their early teens might like it.

Uranium crops up again in *The Pennor Mine Mystery*. A brother and sister on holiday in Cornwall stumble on the sinister goings-on of Communists equipped with midget submarines and Cornish language fanatics with a taste for ritual sacrifice. Mummy, who quotes Milton pitilessly, receives the news of her son's kidnapping with the words: 'This is all very disturbing.' As indeed it is, but not nearly so disturbing as the prose-style, *e.g.* '"Oh Heavens!" cried the Inspector desperately. "I should have reckoned with your accursed cunning. Forgive me, lads; I never thought of that!"'

James Without Thomas is as Victorian as the Inspector's desperate cry. It concerns three children, Joshua, James and Luke, Luke's vague parents, an eccentric peer, a Great House in all its Victorian glory, and an abandoned railway, 'The Marquess of Banbury's Own.' James is an embarrassing, infuriating dynamo of energy who will obviously make his first million before he's thirty. Joshua, who is shy, suffers agonies of shame at James's social gaffes. There is comedy that children can appreciate, a strong sense of characterisation, and a fine evocation of the Victorian nursery world. My friend Susan, aged 12, liked it not quite as much as Arthur Ransome. This is rare praise.

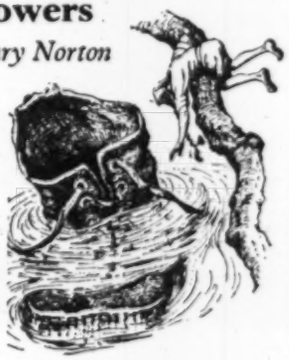
As its author admits, *The Honeysuckle Line* owes a great deal to the Talyllyn Narrow Gauge Railway. It narrates the struggle of a boy and girl, aided by a photographer, to keep an old railway running. I found it amusing, realistic and exciting: any 11 to 14-year-old railway enthusiast might do the same.

The rocket-ship 'rose tall and majestic like the symbol of some strange religion'. Well you know where you are with that one, and *The Rocket-Ship Saboteurs* is well up to its title. The rocket-ship is British, and top-secret, until Andy and Tom find a secret tunnel, and then the emissaries of a certain foreign power find it too. Not too

Dent

The Borrowers Afloat *Mary Norton*

Illustrated by Diana Stanley



This successor to *The Borrowers* (awarded the Carnegie Medal in 1952) and *The Borrowers Afield* fully maintains their extraordinary charm and distinction. It must appeal to children of most ages. *12s. 6d.*

"A very remarkable book indeed—the kind you can't quite get out of your mind for a long time after you've read it." B.B.C. Children's Hour.

The Lame Duck

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Thrilling tale of a tanker on a North Atlantic convoy from Nova Scotia to Britain in war-time. Based on an authentic incident in the Second World War. Illustrated by D. G. Valentine. *12s. 6d.*

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For seven years Cathy had tried to forget the memories of a show-ring accident. It took the surprising arrival of a placid little skewbald pony to show that her apparently unreasonable fear of riding could be conquered. Illustrated by Ronnie Mutch. *9s. 6d.*

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Patricia Lynch

The famous Irish story-teller blends fantasy and reality in this tale of Conn Clery in the hands of the Good People. Over 60 illustrations by Peggy Fortnum. *(Nov. 19.)* *12s. 6d.*

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We believe that this book will become a children's "standard." The well-known and loved poems take their place with much that is unfamiliar and ripe for discovery. Decorated. *(Nov. 19.)* *25s.*

The Children's Book of Make and Do *Gert Lindner*

A book of inexpensive ideas for rainy days (ages 7 up) showing how fir-cones, match-boxes and other common-place objects can be fashioned into playthings. Profusely illustrated, including much colour. *(Nov. 19.)* *18s.*

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Illustrated by Monica Walker

This is a swift-moving story set against a background of squalor and splendour in Saxon England. It is a sombre and little-known page of history which Miss Meyler brings to life, but through the whole tale runs a thread of tenderness and fun.

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Adventure on Ponies

By EILEEN MEYLER

Illustrated by Ruth Scales

This exciting story presents another incident in the lives of the Elwood children, and once again the scene is set in the Dorset countryside. Any boy or girl who loves ponies will enjoy the thrill and excitement of this adventure.

9s. 6d. net

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By FREDA HURT

Illustrated by Nina Scott Langley

When, one morning, Sergeant Boffer, the policeman's dog, hears a strange voice apparently from nowhere, crying a warning, he does not know that he and that clever cat, Mr. Twink, are about to start a new adventure.

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'I predict this happy handbook, beautifully illustrated and produced, will make many memorable moments for children and parents on thousands of British beaches' DEREK MCCULLOCH, *Daily Telegraph.* *9 plus.* *Illus.* 10s. 6d.

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Boys and girls will thrill to this story of a man's courage, and his response to the challenge of the fabulous white stallion which thundered along the Oregon trail. *12 plus. Illus. by C. Gifford Ambler* 13s. 6d.

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Hutchinson

fantastic, correct – so the blurb claims – in scientific detail, and full of the traditional rough and tumble of the adventure yarn. Mr Townsend is considering a series of Andy and Tom adventures. Technically-minded boys of 12 to 15 should be grateful to him.

The hero of *A Shark on the Saltings*, which deals with smuggling on the Suffolk coast, is credibly working-class. Mr Corby writes fluently and well of wild geese, smuggling and the techniques of the wildfowler. A welcome present for boys of 11 to 14.

JAMES MITCHELL

Mainly Fantasy

The Borrowers Afloat. By MARY NORTON. *Dent.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Fair to Middling. By ARTHUR CALDER-MARSHALL. *Hart-Davis.* 15*s.*

The Spettecake Holiday. By EDITH UNNERSTAD. *Joseph.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Haunted Island. By MIEP DIEKMANN. *Methuen.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The River at Green Knowe. By L. M. BOSTON. *Faber.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

The King of the Fiddles. By MARJORIE DIXON. *Faber.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Rescuers. By MARGERY SHARP. *Collins.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

No sooner have Arrietty and her parents rejoined Uncle Hendreary and his parvenu family than we are back in the well-loved miniature world of Mary Norton's imagination.

Why did they cling and weep, she wondered, and squeeze each other's hands? They had never liked each other – all the world knew that. Homily had thought Lupy stuck-up because, back in the big house, Lupy had lived in the drawing-room and (she had heard it rumoured) changed for dinner at night. And Lupy despised Homily for living under the kitchen and for pronouncing parquet 'parkett.'

These Borrowers arouse our sympathy because they are the type of all hunted and displaced families – pathetic, apprehensive, always on the run, always longing for freedom; and they maintain our interest because of Miss Norton's unfailing inventiveness, her power of recalling detail, her genius for creating atmosphere and getting on with the story at the same time. There are perhaps not many notes in her scale: but what inexhaustible variations she composes from it! *The Borrowers Afloat* seems to me unsurpassed among recent fantasies for children, unless by the original *Borrowers* – which, by the way, should be read before either of the two sequels.

Arthur Calder-Marshall is to be congratulated on not repeating a former success – his *Man from Devil's Island* was successful in quite a different field – but on using his gifts in a work of much greater originality. *The Fair to Middling* is balanced precariously between farce and mysticism, with puns and flippancy on one side and God and psychology on the other; so that I would not go all the way with the publisher in calling it a 'masterpiece', though I think it is an interesting and ambitious experiment. It recalls the early Aldous Huxley and, in places, Lewis Carroll; it is not obviously a children's book, though it should appeal to any thinking adolescent. It is a moralistic fantasy about the necessity to be what one is, and deals with a group of handicapped children at a fair, to each of whom comes self-knowledge.

An agreeable family story, *The Spettecake Holiday*, comes from Sweden. It begins a little archly, and everything is rather too good to be true. Life on the farm is sunlit and idyllic – but so it ought to be. The child psychology is skilfully done; indeed adult readers will detect an almost clinical undertone, as if the author were fictionalising a case-history. No wonder it won a prize in Sweden! But it will appeal to many English readers of 9 or so. *The Haunted Island* is a slow-moving adventure story from the land of canals, windmills and bicycles. The scene is laid, actually, in a tropical Dutch island, whose climate is well conveyed. The boy hero and his classmates are carefully differentiated. The story is slight, but interest is well maintained through this decent, unpretentious yarn. The black-and-white drawings by a Dutch artist are a notable attraction. A more unusual kind of fantasy is *The River at Green Knowe*. This is concerned with the exploration by three children, two of them displaced, of a river somewhere in rural England. It is a somewhat episodic affair, drifting pleasantly enough from one discovery to the next; and a humorous setting is provided by the two old dears with whom the children are staying.

'Tis a soft night, praise be to God on high', says one of the characters in *The King of the Fiddles*, a folky story of greenest Ireland. Any young reader who likes the brogue and whimsy laid on thick will know what he is in for, but it must be admitted that this sort of thing is a specialised taste.

The rescue of an imprisoned poet by a party of mice is an engaging idea, but very difficult to make credible. It cannot be done unless the author believes in his plot and characters with deadly seriousness. Margery Sharp's writing is efficient and amusing, but far too flippant to carry conviction. The book is prettily illustrated and well produced. Surely, however, the personality cult can be carried too far. Do children really want to know that the author has an aeronautical husband, a love of sailing, an utter lack of affectation, a delicious sense of humour, and an infectious laugh?

JAMES REEVES

Catching the Eye

Stitch Me a Peacock. By MARY KRISHNA. *Hutchinson.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Kashtanka. By CHEKHOV. *Oxford.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Cat's Tales. By LYNTON LAMB. *Faber.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

The Cat Club and **How the Brothers Joined the Cat Club.** By ESTHER AVERILL. *World's Work.* 5*s. each.*

Pepe on the Run. By ERIC ALLEN. *Faber.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

I Will Tell You of a Town. By ALASTAIR REID. *Hutchinson.* 8*s.* 6*d*

Miss Hare and Mr Tortoise and **The Pot of Gold.** By AARON JUDAH. *Faber.* 7*s.* 6*d.* and 9*s.* 6*d.*

Snug and Serena Count Twelve. By ALISON UTTLEY. *Heinemann.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Over two thousand children's books were published in Britain last year, more than the number in any other category except fiction – there were only 577 biographies and 188 books of travel and adventure. Naturally the publishers seize upon anything that will make one volume stand out in such a crowd – sometimes with bizarre results. *Stitch Me a Peacock*, for instance, looks like a primer on embroidery and there are some useful, if brief, instructions on needlework. Actually it is a collection of poems about animals illustrated with exotic and stylised pictures that purport to be embroidery designs. The poems, alas, are mere catalogues of the sort of prosaic information that Ann and Jane Taylor put so much more pithily. But it looked like an original idea and so out it came.

Jackets and pictures are apt to be chosen to catch the eye rather than to illustrate the story. *Kashtanka* is as bright and gay as a Christmas wrapping-paper, the colours sing and even William Stobbs's black-and-white drawings are lively and crisp. The printing and production are superb. Chekhov's tale of a dog who lost her master, and fell into the clutches of an animal trainer, is a little masterpiece. Yet somehow it has been swamped in decoration. It is about a real dog and real people. The pictures are about some pretty puppets in a comical country where the few houses are mostly surmounted by onions.

There ought to be no such misalliance in *Cat's Tales*. Lynton Lamb is a distinguished illustrator, and his illustrations to his own book are excellent; its production would have been impeccable if there were fewer swashes and no disconcerting blank rectos. It seems to be difficult to write about cats without a dash of whimsy – especially if you're rash enough to make them talk *to* human beings. Mr Lamb's Nature is pale pink in tooth and claw. He serves his whimsy neat – he even stoops to being whimsical about a wasp. Evidently he knows nothing about wasps – and the plain fact is that he doesn't really understand cats either. Esther Averill has come much nearer the mark. The *Cat Club* books are completely unpretentious and unsophisticated. The pictures are very amateurish – rather after the manner of Arthur Ransome's illustrations to his own books. The books might have been written and illustrated by a child or even a cat – for the cats behave like cats, even when they are skating or reciting ballads.

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The Spettecake Holiday

(12/6)

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Destination Moon
Explorers on the Moon

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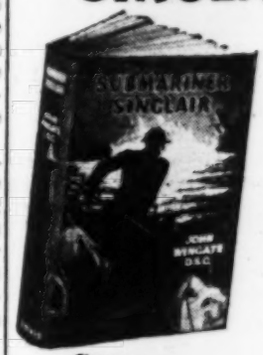

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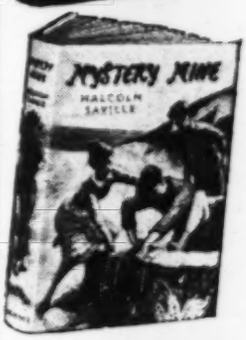

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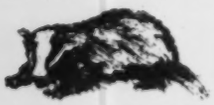
The pictures in *Pepe on the Run* succeed perfectly both in catching the eye and marrying with the text. Pepe is a very real little boy, both in the story and the drawings, and his tangled misadventures on one day of Carnival make an engaging and amusing tale, even if the happy ending comes a little too pat. Eric Allen has given just the right amount of Spanish background and David Knight has skilfully filled out the picture.

The Scottish background of *I Will Tell You of a Town* has fared much worse. This isn't so much a book as an incantation to be broadcast in a rich Scots accent. Alastair Reid deliberately buttonholes his readers at the first sentence and doesn't let them go until he has told them in romantic rhythmic prose everything that happens in a Scottish fishing-town from dark till dark. It should certainly be broadcast. It might even make an opera. But it is hard to read in cold blood alongside Walter Lorraine's flimsy, niggling drawings.

Aaron Judah's two books are illustrated by different artists. Sheila Hawkins contributes some agreeable but rather too large and diffuse drawings to *Miss Hare and Mr Tortoise*, a sad and moving fable about the patience of true love. When Mr Judah, who is a born story-teller, branched out into something more Celtic and bizarre in *The Pot of Gold*, Mervyn Peake was obviously the right man to illustrate it. These three tales, as inconsequent and as moral as true legends, leap along at a great pace, and the second story, 'Roger and the Crot', is wildly funny without being a whit less moral. It hardly matters that the pictures aren't quite up to the artist's usual standard, the book can stand on its own feet.

Indeed one is almost tempted to feel that it is not worth looking for new artists when the old formulae work so well. Alison Uttley's little animals derive directly from Beatrix Potter's and so do Katherine Wigglesworth's pictures, but both author and artist know exactly what they are at. *Snug and Serena Count Twelve* is intended to teach small children to count, and sets about it admirably. There is the right degree of iteration. The pictures are full of countable objects—one has no fewer than 78—and for this reason the book has been made much larger than the rest of the series. The story has the touch of ruthlessness that all animal stories need, the cat and owls really eat mice. My three-year-old loves it. Admittedly he still cannot count beyond two—but he has only had the book for three days.

RICHARD GARNETT



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High Sang the Sword. By EILEEN O'FAOLAIN. *Oxford.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Torolv the Fatherless. By PAULINE CLARKE. *Faber.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

The Hunted King. By LAURENCE MEYNELL. *Bodley Head.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Valiant Sailor. By C. FOX SMITH. *Oxford.* 5*s.*

The Boy They Made King. By DAVID SCOTT DANIELL. *Cape.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

Hideaway Johnny. By DAVID SCOTT DANIELL. *Brockhampton Press.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

'This place stinks most vilely, and we are in the very devil of a fix.' Our heroes are continually up against it; and they have to face moral problems too: 'He knew that what he was doing was a thing you couldn't judge for other people, only for yourself; and for himself, he did not know if it was the right thing, but he knew that was the only thing.' And although some think that 'A brisk fight before breakfast is a capital thing', others are more sensitive: 'This, then, was battle, of which they had talked so much! He had not imagined such horror.' The pages pullulate with vigorous action; but, in the better books at least, we glimpse the implications of 'adventure' too.

The best is *The Lantern Bearers* by Rosemary Sutcliff. It is about the end of Roman Britain, the Saxon invasions, and the long wars that followed. Its hero is a young Roman officer, who deserts the legions in order to stay in the country of his adoption; he is captured by Saxons and made their thrall; returns with them to England, escapes, and finds his sister married, first by force but now also by her own will, to one of the invaders—'Our Lord help me! He is *my* man.' He joins the Romano-British armies of Ambrosius in Snowdonia, and marries a Celt as an act of policy. His harsh character is gradually softened by the rubs of destiny, the influence of his wife, and the cheery peaceableness of a Christian monk. The book is perhaps over-complex, and certainly rather over-written; and its high priciples tend to slop into Kiplingesque sentiment. But it is vivid and haunting; the characters have some depth, and the action a real pattern.

Simon, also by Rosemary Sutcliff, is much simpler. It is about a boy from the West Country who serves in the parliamentary army in the Civil War. It is a rare pleasure to find the Roundheads treated with romantic sympathy: 'We went to war to make the King see reason, to make him understand that ordinary folk must be free to worship in their own way, and—and things like that.' Simon's war is complicated not by problems of political philosophy, but because his best friend is a royalist; the climax is a problem of loyalties similar to that in *The Lantern Bearers*.

Two other books attempt to re-create the world of Viking invasions, but lack Miss Sutcliff's literary gifts. *High Sang the Sword* by Eileen O'Faolain is about tenth-century Duvlinn, and three boys at a monastery school; in the opening pages they play their pranks round the monks' new defensive tower; then they are captured by raiders, escape across the breadth of Ireland, befriended by 'funmen' and princes as they go; finally they witness the great battle of Brian Boru, and recover the monastery's stolen cross. The detail is vivid but a bit confusing; the atmosphere lush.

Pauline Clarke's *Torolv the Fatherless* is adopted first by a Viking pirate king, for whom he conceives an overwhelming devotion; then, castaway, by the Earl of the East Saxons, for whom he gradually learns, through love, a new loyalty. Finally the Viking returns to raid and kill (at the Battle of Maldon) the Earl; but the boy's newer and more civilised loyalty—surprise!—proves the stronger. The book has a certain self-conscious poetry (echoed from the Lay itself); its hero is more like a child and less like an undergrown stalwart than usual; the effect is, therefore, a bit more girlish than boyish.

The story of Charles II's escape after Worcester, *The Hunted King* by Laurence Meynell, is naturally clotted with royalist sentiment, too; but it is an exciting, and a boyish, tale. The hero, aged sixteen, acts as Charles's guide throughout, though at first meeting 'he could not have spoken for the emotion which choked him'. By the end, the King is infected with similar reticence: 'I thought I could find the right thing to say. But the words won't come'. There are some good scenes of country life—including the prospect of cricket on Broadhalfpenny Down. Artificial, perhaps; but simple, and effective.

The Valiant Sailor by C. Fox Smith is another book with a problem. A man has been forced into wrong-doing by privateers. He is dogged by blackmailers in his retirement to a moorland pub. He disappears, and his boy follows him to sea to find him, at last, in a French prison. They escape together, are shipwrecked and taken aboard by still more villainous privateers; they secure possession of the ship by feats of splendid luck and courage; and return to their pub again. It is unusual—and perhaps psychologically beneficial—to find father and son supporting each other in action; and the book, despite some stilted writing, is attractive and full of life.

The problem of loyalty in David Scott Daniell's *The Boy they made King* is the simple one of the impostor Lambert Simnel. He is a charming, natural, clever boy, wickedly led astray by an ambitious priest. The background is sketched with just enough detail to give an impression of medieval life; the glamour—and conscience-torment—of assumed royalty are exploited with discretion.

Hideaway Johnny, also by David Scott Daniell, is a Regency frolic, with delightful drawings by Biro. Abandoned by his Micawber-like father, who has been enlisted as a soldier, Johnny insinuates himself into a noble household, helps to track down a spy, pursues him through the night with pistols, and is reunited with his father. The Earl reappears to recover his secret document: '"Merciful heavens!" he said. "This is of the highest importance! To think that it nearly got into the hands of Napoleon Bonaparte! . . . You shall be richly rewarded. What d'ye want? Horses? Money? To go to Eton?"' But—anti-Oedipus again—the Merrifields both choose, with characteristic high spirits, commissions in the 111th of Foot.

C. S. BENNETT

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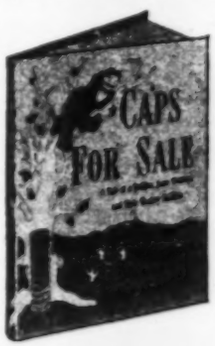

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Junior Round-up

For Young Statesmen

Here are two laudable attempts to set our age against the broad sweep of world history. Writers both for adults and for children shirk this too often; it must involve simplification and popularisation, but such things are less likely to be frowned on in books for children, and these two books are so good that they might give a wider lead. Teachers as well as children should read them, for they both paint a tremendous number of facts on a broad canvas of history, and shape them vividly into a single whole. In *People and Power* (Oxford, 15s.) Katharine Savage traces the history of four great nations, Russia, Germany, America and Japan, from their first beginnings up to the last world war. She covers East and West, the New World and the Old. Mr Cheney, in *A History of the Western World* (Allen & Unwin, 18s.) takes the West from its earliest migrations up to the present day. Politics and adventure, religion and technology, all join to enrich the tale.

In the face of two such bold and successful attempts, it seems ungracious to say that the perfect children's history has not been written yet. Both books are excellent, but both leave gaps. Mr Cheney's concentration on the West means that he can trace in any detail only one of the separate strands of civilisation which are active in the world today. Mrs Savage leaves China out of her Great Powers, and she ends her story in the early days of the second world war. It is good that children should understand the problems of twenty years ago, but the world has come a long way since then, and what children need above all is an insight into those problems which they will face as they grow up. But take these two books together and most of the gaps are filled; and when most histories only look backwards, these two books are original and stimulating, and they both deserve high praise.

J. B.

Theatre, Music, Ballet

There has seldom been such a gay educational series for children as the Rathbone Books 'Wonderful World'. From the sciences and the arts their highly coloured, highly varied mass of illustrations are always chosen with a perspicacity that drives both adult and child to the text for more information. In *The Story of Theatre* (18s. 6d.) it is again the pictures that are immediately attractive: the Coliseum flooded for a Roman 'sea fight', Daumier's 'The Drama', a Method classroom and Kabuki actors give some idea of the 2,000 years of theatre that are covered. J. B. Priestley's text is rather on the stolid side, but from Ibsen and Chekhov onwards there is a more enthusiastic tone. *The Magic World of Music* (W. H. Allen, 12s. 6d.) is a pedantically written book full of exceedingly clever ideas for teaching children. The methods by which Kurt Pahlen instils a basis for musical understanding are so simple and yet so ingenious that one immediately wants to try them out on the first child available. The human voice, musical instruments and tape recorders are discussed scientifically, yet in the clearest, most untechnical language. This book would be a fine guide for a music class or even for reading out loud to the young with musical interests. Whether any but the most persevering little enthusiast would go through it alone I doubt. Books about our Royal Ballet have not so far shown much vitality: their authors turn out the facts with earnest perseverance. *The Royal Ballet School*, by Noel Streatfeild (Collins, 18s.), is in this style. But my attention was riveted during the description of Didelot literally beating his Russian students into good order at the start of the last century. Another interesting part is the time-table for the present-day education of children at the Royal Ballet School. This looks, on paper, an extremely intelligent one.

A. F.

Making Toys

The Toy, by Karl Hils (Ward, 17s. 6d.), includes the briefest history of toys, a section on the psychological development of both normal and backward children at play, and an illustrated description of toys for the one to fives. With relatively little jargon it tells you how to make these toys and how to put the child into the way of creative play. The subject is treated with fantasy, the toys are refreshingly well designed, and there are photographs to prove that the ideas work.

Any child who can read and follow the clear, well-illustrated instructions will enjoy *Clever Hands* by Richard Slade (Faber, 10s. 6d.)—that is, if he likes making glove-puppets, patterns, plaster casts and papier-mâché, and learning how to weave, print photographs and model with wire. But it is a pity that the author gives adult approval to such very doubtful methods as tracing photographs and copying squared-up picture postcards—not a good introduction to drawing and oil-painting. He is obviously eager to encourage the hesitant child, so perhaps one should just warn off the more enterprising. *Making Dolls and Dolls' Clothes*, by Catherine Roberts (Dobson, 10s. 6d.), is a cosy, chatty book for little girls with dollymania. The instructions are very easy to follow. All the patterns have the same factory-doll face and figure: a child worth her salt would get a lot of fun out of doing better herself.

While dolls' houses gradually improve, their furniture hasn't changed in twenty years. Kenneth F. Gee's *Make Your Own Dolls' House Furniture* (Nelson, 6s.) concentrates on making three-piece suites, umbrella-stands, and whatnots, with meticulous lists of paints, glues, nails and woods. It leaves nothing to chance.

J. G.

Look and Listen

Among picture books for the very young, *Titus in Trouble*, by James Reeves and Edward Ardizzone (Bodley Head, 12s. 6d.) is outstanding. It exemplifies all the good qualities of the picture-story book, combining a simple, vigorous text with bright and lively pictures. Titus (who bears a strong family likeness to Little Tim) lives in London in the mid-nineteenth century. He longs to go to sea, but his clumsiness involves him in a debt of £10 to an antique dealer. He tries various jobs to earn the money, including working in a pickle factory, selling songs, and being a messenger boy. Each is ended by his clumsiness, but in the end it is this which restores his fortunes. Ideal for reading aloud, and the four or five lines of large print on each page will encourage the youngest readers, although the vocabulary has not been limited for that purpose.

The Happy Lion was miserable. He was miserable because he was lonely in the zoo, but by the end of *The Happy Lion Roars*, by Louise Fatio (Bodley Head, 8s. 6d.), he has stolen the Beautiful Lioness from the Circus. The humour and pathos of Roger Duvoisin's drawings exactly match the text. The story of Edith, *The Lonely Doll* (Oldbourne, 10s. 6d.), is told in photographs (black and white only) and simple captions, both by Dave Wright. One day Mr Bear and Little

Bear appear on the doorstep, and Edith now has someone to play with and someone to keep her in order – which she needs! The charming photographs will appeal to all small girls, although a few of the scenes are too cluttered for clarity, particularly in the dressing-up pictures. Finally, a hero who has no problems, but is always good and kind. He plays with children, learns to make letters and numbers at school, helps boy scouts and captures a burglar. *Crictor*, by Tomi Ungerer (Methuen, 9*s.* 6*d.*) is indeed a thoroughly good-natured boa constrictor, sent to Madame Bodot as a birthday present by her son in Africa. Ingenious, simple and slightly educational. Also educational, in the pleasantest way, are the first volumes in Hamish Hamilton's Look series: John Verney has written and illustrated *Look at Houses*, Nicholas Fisk has done the same for *Look at Cars* (6*s.* 6*d.* each). Fathers will probably take over the reading at this point.

E. H. H.

Lives of Great Men

The story of *Captain Anson and the Treasure of Spain* is exciting, and is excitingly told by Captain Frank Knight (Macmillan, 15*s.*). Anson was sent with a squadron of six ships to harry the Spaniards in Pacific waters during the War of the Austrian Succession. He weathered terrible storms in the Pacific and round the Horn, captured a treasure galleon in the Philippines, and was home after nearly four years, having circumnavigated the globe. The ships were clumsy and badly built, the food poor, the living conditions squalid. Sickness and other disasters took a terrible toll; only 145 returned out of the thousand who had sailed in 1740. Many of those who died were aged Chelsea Pensioners, conscripted for the expedition because regular soldiers could not be found. But the voyage was a triumph of doggedness in the face of incredible odds, and Anson emerges as not only indomitable but humane. *Sir Vivian Fuchs*, by Egon Larsen (Phœnix, 8*s.* 6*d.*), reveals something of the same doggedness and will to endure. This clear and rapid narrative of his Trans-Antarctic expedition leaves out entirely the tensions and emotional excitements that must have arisen on such a journey. Larger maps, and more of them, would have clarified the summaries of earlier expeditions. Also, it would have helped to be told exactly what Sno-cats, Weasels and Muskegs are. And there is perhaps not enough emphasis on the importance of the scientific planning of the expedition and its reliance on the newest technical devices. But Mr Larsen tells a thrilling story vigorously, and deals sensibly, though briefly, with the Fuchs-Hillary clash.

Thomas Alva Edison, by Henry Thomas (Adam and Charles Black, 7*s.* 6*d.*), presents an engaging portrait of the great inventor, refusing to be baffled by any problem from phonographs to growing rubber from golden rod. The scientific background is blocked in clearly, though Edison appears to solve his problems almost too quickly and easily. *Sir John Cockcroft*, by Ronald Clark (Phœnix, 8*s.* 6*d.*), takes us from the pioneer work of Rutherford, done on a shoestring at the Cavendish Laboratory, to the building of Calder Hall. It tells the story so clearly that even I begin to understand the rudiments of nuclear physics. But it does not make Sir John come alive as a man, or suggest what drive made him the scientist he is. Finally, a statesman. *Abraham Lincoln*, by Michael Gorham (Dobson, 10*s.* 6*d.*), is a simple, straightforward life, especially good on the early years in Indiana, when the young Lincoln was hunting racoons, felling trees, reading in every spare minute, and ferrying a flat-boat on the Sangamon River. Of necessity, the historical background is simplified, but not badly biased. There ought to have been space for more than three-and-a-half lines of the Gettysburg speech.

E. F.

Re-tellings and Reprints

James Reeves has re-told the *Exploits of Don Quixote* (Blackie, 17*s.* 6*d.*), and Edward Ardizzone has done the illustrations to them, and to de la Mare's version of *The Story of Moses* (Faber, 9*s.* 6*d.*). Amabel Williams-Ellis gives us her version of *Grimm's Fairy Tales* (Blackie, 18*s.*), Eleanor Farjeon hers of *Tales from Chaucer* (Oxford, 15*s.*), and Elizabeth Sheppard-Jones tells a group of *Welsh Legendary Tales* (Nelson, 15*s.*). The Orion Press edition of *Hans Andersen's Fairy Tales* (distributed by Deutsch, 30*s.*) has drawings by children, selected from an international contest. Another international enterprise is *The Sunken City*, a collection of fairy-tales from round the world made by James McNeill (Oxford, 10*s.* 6*d.*). *Polish Fairy Tales* are re-told by Zoë Zajdler (Muller, 12*s.* 6*d.*) and *Polish Folk Tales and Legends*, by L. McCrea (Pitman, 8*s.* 6*d.*).

New Puffin reprints include C. S. Lewis's *The Lion, the Witch and the Wardrobe* and *The Good Master*, by Kate Seredy (3*s.* each); *Avalanche!*, by A. Rutgers van der Loeff, and Kastner's *Emil and the Detectives* (2*s.* 6*d.* each). Kenneth Grahame's *Reluctant Dragon* appears in the Bodley Head's new Acorn Series (7*s.* 6*d.*); while Methuen's edition of his *Wind in the Willows* (21*s.*) has new illustrations by E. H. Shepard, including eight in colour; and their *World of Christopher Robin* (21*s.*) contains the verses of *When We were very Young* and *Now We are Six*. Mrs Ewing's *A Flat-Iron for a Farthing* is now republished by the Faith Press (10*s.* 6*d.*).

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

Lords of Language

CHILDREN, we recognise, are savages with one face for their rulers and the other for their own violent, deedy and magic-ridden society. Neither city nor country life tames them. Only time does that. They run out of the house and, instantly, they revert to tribal play, speech and rituals which are hundreds and even thousands of years old, immune to serious change. Their love of repetition, above all, is a sign of their need of spells. They fill in the immeasurable hours of days that seem to last as long as seasons, and give the certainties of tribal custom to a life which is all passion, fright, rough justice and the struggle for power. They love the past. Anyone who has had the freedom of the streets in childhood will recall how much local history and myth he intimately knew and which was unknown to his parents. It was a knowledge shared only by the very old. One kept Oak Apple Day; without knowing why, we were impelled to make grottoes on St. James's Day – they still do it in Mitcham and Islington; we sang Election songs generations old; on the outskirts of one town I remember, if we had a big fight on, it took place 'on the Pansy', the name of the relics of an old meadow the town was eating up. Our elders had forgotten the names of the fields. Only the local historian would have known them. We stuck to dialect and old wives' tales. When we shrieked out 'Silence in the pig market' or the common 'Tell-tale tit' we were shouting what our strength-giving forbears had done for a couple of hundred years or longer. There is no spell or insult like an old one. We were also the conservers of a large crude sexual vocabulary and imagery which surpassed anything I ever commonly heard later in adult life. Little of it is printable, but it always made us merry. What a power lay even in a mild word like 'bum'!

When he wrote his short study of *London Street Games* and collected the talk of the London street-arab in 1916, Norman Douglas supposed the games and speech and traditional culture of childhood would vanish with education and progress in the conditions of modern life. A new, exhaustive study by Mr and Mrs Opie* establishes that they are not vanishing. Seventy-eight per cent. of Norman Douglas's children's street chants are still being sung, and he touched only the edge of the subject. The cinema, the telly, the commercial plugging of things like Davy Crockett, have not killed the vital weeds of childish tradition, where mockery assimilates. For forty years – a Welsh schoolmaster writes – he has heard the massed schoolgirls sing *Men of Harlech*, but with the following words:

> I'm the man that came from Scotland
> Shooting peas up a Nannie goat's bottom,
> I'm the man that came from Scotland
> Shooting peas away.

(The operative word is not, I'm bound to point out, 'bottom'.)

What one had not realised, before reading the Opies, is the richness and regional variety of childish language, or the strange adaptations. I half knew 'cowardy, cowardy custard' came from 'costard' – the contemptuous word for 'head' – but I did not realise it has been sung as 'custard' since the days of William IV; and it is news to me that 'yellow' for 'cowardliness' did not come in until the twentieth century. Yet, somehow, we did regard 'custardlug' as a weakness in Yorkshire; and 'eggy' – in London – seemed a hilarious word of contempt. Slang is always being killed by fashion among teenagers and adults, but among children it has a protected life. 'Soppy' and 'soft' have withstood the advances of 'clot' and 'nitwit', and 'tart' – as a term of praise for little girls – holds out in South London still. The strength of childish language owes everything to that tribal solidarity, secretive and yet impertinent, which has to be kept up before the lofty scorn of the teenagers and the crushings of the adults. The figures of commercial entertainment – Charlie Chaplin, Mickey Mouse, Shirley Temple, Davy Crockett – are subdued at once, as Kruger, Kaiser, Hitler were subdued before them. An official Davy Crockett ballad was pumped into children by the Disney organisation, but children all over Britain were cheerfully destroying it with verses like

> Born on a mountain top in Tennessee
> Killed his Ma when he was only three
> Killed his Pa when he was only four
> And now he's looking for his brother-in-law.

In another topical version:

> He caught his braces on a passing rocket
> And that was the end of Davy Crockett.

The music-halls used to help – a lot of my own early stuff came from them – and I suppose the telly does it now. It surprises me that the Opies have found little influence from the telly commercials.

The researches of the Opies into their vast subject differ in an important respect from all earlier attempts except Norman Douglas's. Others have collected adult recollections, have often refined their material and have left the impression that the speech and songs and myths they recorded must be old-fashioned or dying out. The Opies have collected their material from children still at school and they establish that very little of childish culture has died for hundreds of years. 'Tell-tale-tit' and 'Where's So-and-So? In his skin' have been going for more than two centuries. Norman Douglas admitted, after his first pessimistic judgment, that 'Buck! Buck! How many fingers have I got up?' had been played since the time of Nero. The Opies also show that not only do children stick to the past, but they hang on to regionalism, a sort of secret regionalism which is supposed to have vanished from standardised society. Thus the tell-tale is a 'cant' in mid-Wales and the Potteries, a 'cleckie' in South Wales. In Lancashire they sing 'Clit, clat, clit, your tongue shall be slit'; in Cumberland the word for 'tell-tale' is 'cripe'; in Scotland 'clype' or 'clashbags'; in suburban Welwyn it is 'pinky' or 'peaky'; in Derby 'split-splat'.

The Opies have had spies in schools all over Britain and they have, for some reason, taken little or nothing from private schools. The omission, on the evidence of this book, leads one to the suggestion that, in our two cultures, the elementary school is far closer to tradition and is far more conservative in childish practice than the fee-paying schools. These, as we know from scores of children's books, invent their own standard, institutional, official slang; already we sniff the vernacular of the BBC, the Services and the middle classes, as an isolated Esperanto. The children of the elementary schools live in a rich and open wilderness where language has not been standardised. I bet no privately educated boy or girl shouts 'faynites' to make peace or break in a game. Their word is generally 'pax'. But 'faynites' (from 'Fains I') or 'cruses' (the cross for crossed fingers) are words of long popular history. The Opies have drawn a number of linguistic maps and from it one discovers that 'faynites' and the curious truce words 'cree', 'screens' and 'creams' are used only in the south and west of England. In most of Wales, and all the way up from Bristol to Inverness, children use variants of the word 'Barley' to call a truce, and it can be traced back 600 years to the ballad of Sir Gawayne and the Grene Knight:

> And I shal stande hym a strok . stif on this flet;
> Elles thou wil dight me the dom . to dele him an other, barlay,
> And yet give him respite.

The word appears in Scott and Smollett. In the Opies' truce map of Great Britain, the only rivals to 'barley' are 'keys' – from cross-keys, probably – in the West of Scotland; 'skinch' in Durham and 'Kings' and 'Crosses' all the way down the East and East Midlands as far as Clacton. These are all of medieval derivation. I remember that when I moved from free 'faynites' or 'barley' to fee-paying 'pax' I had the sensation of leaving the raging and dramatic past and entering modern England, but this was a class delusion. Class and institutional slang give one a sensation of superiority. They also give the feeling that the new language has been freely invented and is untarnished by low associations; but it is a sort of Communist freedom, *i.e.*, something spooned down from above by the Party secretaries. The public schools have created something remarkably like the Party culture of Eastern Europe; it is linguistically pleasant to have been a weed in the popular wilderness, and not a potted-out plant.

Not only does old speech survive; superstitions thrive marvellously. Children go on believing they will get lock-jaw if they get a cut between the thumb and the forefinger. They cure warts by rhymes, keep legs crossed under the desk to ensure passing an examination – psychiatrists would have something to say about this – put their jerseys on back to front for luck, spit at the sight of a white horse – but avoid looking at its tail or, indeed, the back of a cart, a van, a nun. White horses are getting so rare that one can see the luck in this; but it is argued that the habit goes back to the sight of the

* *The Lore and Language of Schoolchildren.* By IONA and PETER OPIE. *Oxford.* 35*s.*

Crusaders going off to Saxon or more primitive worship – see the White Horse at Wantage. The Opies say that the children of the new housing estates ardently believe, as their forbears did, that the moon shining on the face drives one mad, that vinegar stops you growing, that a bleeding wart never stops bleeding. They cry 'fever' when they see a dead animal. In Manchester they say 'Touch your collar and look for a four-footed animal' when an ambulance passes, a rite I have never heard of, nor apparently have the experts noted it, though it is practised and rhymed now all over England. The concern with ambulances is the only instance, I believe, of a new occasion for magic mentioned by the authors; possibly nationalised medicine has made this single modern gift to folk superstition.

One is astonished if anything dies out in childish practice. Why, for example, has cocking a snook gone? (The Opies say it has.) Was it newer than we thought? Was it too new? Was it basically inferior to the old obscene gesture with two fingers? Did it die of exaggeration – first five fingers extended, then the other five added, then a winding motion with the hand and shouts of 'With knobs on'. Was that going too far? Or is the real explanation that the 'snook' was a teenage or adult *déclassé*, an exotic, handed down from above, enjoyed for a while and dropped like a mere craze?

The Lore and Language of School Children becomes instantly the standard work on its subject. It takes one deeply into British life. It is agreeably written. It convinces that the differences and clashes which keep our culture alive are far from being ironed out. It also takes us back into what was the most dramatic and imaginatively nourishing period of our lives. We stopped believing long ago in the pious child, the little moral gymnast; after this book, I hope we shall hear less of the 'art' child with his delicate fancies and his poetic intuitions so prettily touched up by sensitive adults turning out an easy literature. Time and growth regularly subdue the chanting little savages, every six years, but until then they are a war party of 'young dogs'.

V. S. PRITCHETT

The Red House

Sudden as a mirror, the red house
jumped from behind fluffed trees;
windowed four-square and flat-slated
violet as final clouds, it seemed,
(or was, so solid its broad gesture)
a brick god chapped with litanies.

And there I was born, not I, but rather
the name of my face, the learned, caught
habits of sufferance: below
the slope of the narrow roof were formed
the tribal totems that hard words
have since tabooed, evaded, sought.

Come on it suddenly as a mirror
there at the road's turn, it was so
locked and fenced that, a blank neighbour
caught in an intimacy he knows
outside his role, I watched a boy
at last turn on his heel and go.

ROBIN SKELTON

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Counsel for Delius

Frederick Delius. By SIR THOMAS BEECHAM. *Hutchinson.* 30*s.*

The trial of the late-romantic composers for high treason against the art of music is still in full swing; but Delius would surely have been condemned to eternal oblivion long ago, had it not been for the magnificent advocacy of Sir Thomas Beecham. In the concert-hall, he has reconstructed the composer's crimes so cunningly as to prove him a hero, not a villain, and he has spent years editing his client's curiously ambiguous affidavits, turning them into lucid statements of exculpatory fact. Since, in spite of all his efforts, the case seems practically certain to be lost, he might have been expected to use the present occasion to deliver a summing-up for the defence; he has done so, but only incidentally, and in a strangely unconvincing way.

The book is largely a full account of Delius's life and character, and as such is irreproachable. Written in fulfilment of a promise to the composer's wife Jelka, and documented with some six hundred unpublished letters and some autobiographical material specially written by Jelka herself, it completely replaces the necessarily sketchy attempts of previous writers. Sir Thomas has meticulously unravelled the problem of Delius's hypothetical Dutch ancestry, shed a clear light on many hitherto obscure periods of his life, and in particular told the full story of his courtship and marriage. Only the last five years are dealt with summarily; naturally so, in view of the detailed and harrowing account of them given by Eric Fenby in his *Delius as I Knew Him*, and Sir Thomas's avowed intention of correcting the general impression of Delius as a hard, bitter egocentric, derived from his declining years. While in no way whitewashing his subject, he uses his urbane Johnsonian prose and sly humour to bring out the man's captivating charm and the lively warmth of his nature, especially in his earlier days. If his urbanity prevents him from coming firmly to grips with the darker emotional crises in Delius's life, he has presented the man in the round – as he knew him.

With the music, Sir Thomas is not so happy; he is a far less persuasive advocate with the pen than with the baton. In his final speech for the defence, he seems unaware of the gravity of the charges. The vices of which Delius stands accused – intense subjectivity, abandoned sensuousness, aching romantic passion, and freely-flowing rhapsody – he clearly regards as virtues, by other laws than the sternly formalistic ones of twentieth-century æsthetics; but he makes little effort to urge the point. Indeed he is so convinced of his client's innocence that he makes some unnecessary and highly damaging admissions, slighting *Brigg Fair* and suggesting cuts in *The Song of the High Hills*. These unaccountable criticisms of two of Delius's mature masterpieces, coupled with the extraordinary recommendation that we should hear more of the far inferior early works, can only weaken his own position as advocate. His final plea is a characteristic piece of oratory aimed at the jury:

> Through the vast cloud of mental obfuscation hovering over the present musical scene peeps the modest visage of the average man of common sense, general culture and musical sensibility, to affirm in quiet but firm tones his preferences and predilections. Generally, if sometimes belatedly, he is on the side of the angels and I venture to hope – and indeed think – that the future of Frederick Delius may rest securely in his hands.

One would like to think so, but in fact, despite Sir Thomas's asseveration of Delius's growing popularity, there is clearly going to be less and less demand for his music, which has reached the unhappy stage of being 'outdated'. All we can hope is that one day, when the present violent anti-romantic prejudice is itself outdated, a new and more sensitive generation may return to this music and find, beneath its surface faults, the profound vision of the most original musical genius this country has ever produced.

DERYCK COOKE

Hitler's Secret

Documents on German Foreign Policy 1918-1945 Series C. Volume III. The Third Reich: First Phase – June 14, 1934-March 31, 1935. *HMSO.* 60*s.*

The second World War has had some odd results – none odder than the publication, in exhaustive length, of routine papers from the German Foreign Ministry. Now even the governments concerned, who captured the records in 1945, have tumbled to it that little of importance happens in foreign ministries and still less finds its way to the archives. The publication is being cut down. Those who wish to study the foreign policy of the Weimar Republic will have to go to the Record Office and examine the microfilms for themselves – a compensation perhaps for not being allowed to see British records less than fifty years old. We are still going to be given three more volumes covering the years 1935-1938, and three on the later war years. The present volume opens with Hitler's visit to Mussolini in Venice on 14 June 1934 and goes to the end of March 1935, shortly after the visit of Sir John Simon and Anthony Eden to Berlin.

Most of the volume is thin stuff. There is a great deal about the clearing arrangements, now of no interest to anybody, and negotiations over the Saar plebiscite, on which no doubt a thesis will be written. The most serious topic in international affairs was the French proposal for an Eastern Locarno. The Germans naturally disliked this. Whether they had plans for aggression or not, they did not want France as a guarantor in eastern Europe, and still less did they want the counterpart of Soviet Russia as a guarantor in the west. It was hardly necessary for them to raise objections: Poland wrecked the French proposal for them. It is often forgotten how much Poland contributed to Hitler's success. The non-aggression Pact between Poland and Germany was his most original achievement. It was genuinely meant on both sides; and the war of 1939 seems in longer retrospect the result of miscalculation, not of deliberate policy.

The interest of these volumes, so far as they have any, lies in what they reveal of Hitler's mind and intentions, not in the record of ordinary diplomatic transactions. The contrast between the two is shown over German rearmament. The Foreign Ministry wanted to keep it secret; Hitler realised that no action would be taken against it and that he would gain prestige even by exaggerating it – as he did to Simon in March 1935 regarding the German air force. The two international meetings – with Mussolini and with the British ministers – also show something of Hitler at work. The Venice meeting was intended to settle the question of Austria. Hitler proposed

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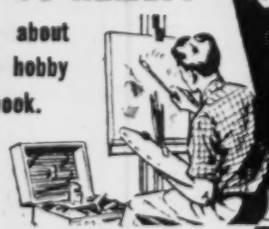

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that 'a neutral personage' should become Austrian Chancellor and organise free elections; then the local Nazis would drop terrorism, and join the government. Mussolini answered that the Nazis should drop terrorism first, and then Dollfuss would treat them better. No agreement was reached; and six weeks later Dollfuss was murdered. There is no evidence that Hitler planned this; and it was a serious setback for him. But he was content to wait, believing that Austria would fall to the Nazis sooner or later. The same note of waiting is struck in his prolonged conversations with Simon and Eden. Germany was bound to become stronger if she were left alone; and no one intended to attack her. Therefore it was unnecessary for him to make concessions or to agree over anything. The Foreign Ministry was terrified of a blockade; Hitler had a justified faith in German resources. His success seems mysterious; and yet his secret was not to have one. He had only to sit up on the Berghof, eating cream-buns, and the artificial system of European security fell to pieces before his eyes. Hitler did not plan his victory. It was presented to him by the statesmen of Great Britain, France, and Soviet Russia. Such are the advantages of being in the centre of Europe and having strong nerves. The lesson has not been lost on Dr Adenauer.

A. J. P. TAYLOR

Illuminating Pope

Alexander Pope: The Poetry of Allusion. By REUBEN ARTHUR BROWER. *Oxford.* 35*s.*

This title is exact. Mr Brower isn't exploring just one feature of Pope's poetic method, his habit of continuous veiled allusion to past literature, but affirming rather that this feature is the central and distinguishing element in Pope, that this is the thread which, once grasped, draws all the rest behind it. This contention is splendidly vindicated; and it makes of the book what we haven't seen in many years – an account of Pope's poetry as a whole, doing justice to every part of it, and extricating the logic of his development throughout his career. One has to look back to Mark Van Doren's momentous *John Dryden* for a study of a major English poet which is as ambitious in intention and as convincing in execution.

It's not that the possibility had not been glimpsed before; after all Pope himself in so many words asked to be regarded like this. What daunted others, we may suppose, was in the first place the fact that far more important than Boileau or Voiture, Spenser or Donne or Chaucer, more important even than Milton and Dryden, among the poets to whom Pope alludes, were Homer and Virgil, Ovid and Horace. And to admit that among readers of Pope not one in five hundred nowadays has adequate Greek or Latin – this is still unpalatable. And anyway, the admission once made, what's to be done about it? Mr Brower takes the bull by the horns, and gives a rapid but penetrating account of the distinctive virtues of each ancient author, illustrating from the original and from translations, before setting beside this Pope's re-handling of the ancient model in imitation, sustained allusion and serious parody. And nothing is so persuasive as the firm perception of what is lost in moving from Ovid or Horace to Pope, as well as what is gained. It's astonishing to reflect that, quite apart from a firm and full appreciation of the English poet, we get – as it were in passing, or simply for good measure – more compact and yet remarkably comprehensive appreciations of the Greek and Roman poets also.

But there was another, and more far-reaching, consideration: if one approached Pope in this way, how did one ever break out of literature into Life-with-a-capital-L? How escape the impression that the poet's career was a series of purely literary manoeuvres, incredibly deft of course but sealed off at every point from unlicked experience? Mr Brower is not the first to find the answer: 'Pope's keen responsiveness to the society about him is expressed through an equally keen responsiveness to literary modes that had imaged other societies, both human and divine'. If the answer does not command general assent, it will be because of the philistinism which out of its own poverty creates a sterile either/or, and cannot conceive of an interest in literature except as an alternative to interest in 'life'. What is admirable in Mr Brower is his refusal to fuss, or to argue. The point is made once, and we move on from there with equanimity. The critic is so intent on the job in hand, and ignores irrelevancies with such composure, that we realise only belatedly and with surprise how his whole procedure shows the pointlessness of what normally passes for 'critical biography', and the only marginal significance of annotations about how Sporus is Hervey or Atossa the Duchess of Marlborough.

What we get is no new slant or sequence of bright ideas; and yet not, either, an interim report on the present state of Pope scholarship or what price he is currently quoted at on the critical market. Instead the poet is taken at his own word, and his greatness is exhibited time and again soberly, clearly, judiciously, fully. If occasionally we are made to feel we are in the lecture-room, we recognise that our time there is not wasted. If quotations are sometimes too lavish, we cannot point to one of them as superfluous or ill-chosen. Reading the book, we feel that academic wrangles, as between 'scholarship' and 'criticism' for example, are utterly sterile. It is a work of scholarship and of literary criticism, good scholarship because judicious and sensitive, good criticism because scholarly. It is thoroughly academic, in the noblest sense of that sometimes noble word; but not by any means of only or even chiefly academic interest. At least, one hopes not.

DONALD DAVIE

Higher Beings

The Boy and the Brothers. By SWAMI OMANANDA PURI. *Gollancz.* 21*s.*

I shall be surprised if the autumn publishing season produces a weirder book than this obviously sincere melange of mumbo-jumbo and autobiography. Its author is a 77-year-old Irish lady, once a violinist, always a born psychic, now a brevet-Hindu holy one. Between the wars she and her husband adopted a cockney youth who impressed them as being a personality of rare spiritual force. He was a ganger-stoker when they met him. His clothes smelt strongly of gas though he presently began to emit the odour of sanctity. They called him Pickle and surrounded him with a great deal of affection.

Their hunch that they were on to something rare was soon justified. The Boy described a strange incident when he was set on by roughs and rescued by elegant strangers who were masters of jiu-jitsu. Not long afterwards he became possessed by the Brothers, rare spiritual beings who spoke through him, transformed his features, and enabled him to do healing. Their affinity with the Great Ones of theosophical

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mythology is strikingly apparent. It is not surprising to learn that the author had known Mrs Besant and is deeply versed in theosophical lore.

The Brothers' utterances, which Mr Gollancz has thoughtfully printed in bold face, are not very numerous though a further complete volume of their dicta is promised. Their messages to the human race at large were cryptically benevolent, after the fashion of higher beings. Sometimes they uttered a few sharp directives about the care of Our Boy. He was not to play cards, or to be in contact with base metals. Sometimes, as a preliminary to being possessed by a Brother, the Boy would be taken over by another entity, Little Kardra, a playful clown capable of making a bowler hat rise in the air from a hatstand.

In 1933 the Brothers came through with a message that there was a Great Destruction coming and the boy was to be moved to India. The family, six of them, set off in 1935 and arrived penniless in the middle of the hot weather. The authoress, for all her periodical lapses into mystical vagueness, gives you an impressively detailed account of their vicissitudes and the fortitude with which they met them: the death of her husband from cholera; the woollens shop venture in Kashmir; various ashrams. The Boy himself emerges as a curiously touching figure with his Englishness and rages at cruelty to animals, his odd insistence on marrying the authoress, his powerful mother-figure. He seems to have been resigned to his fate as a subject for visitations, and not only from the Brothers. He had a sense of the occasion. Once, when they stayed at Government House, Calcutta, she asked him how he was sleeping:

> 'Pretty well,' he answered. 'Only Kitchener keeps on coming to my bedside and waking me up.' 'Heavens, Pikey! *Kitchener*? Do you see him right there in the room?' 'Of course I see him,' said the Boy, 'and who could it be but Kitchener, with his long, heavy moustache and his wooden stare?'

Unlike the authoress who attributes her excellent health to the Brothers, the Boy, poor fellow, was seldom well; he suffered for years from ulcers and died in 1956 aged fifty-four. His story is told with a singular and at times embarrassing emotional intensity. The reader automatically supplies the extra irony and pathos which a novelist would give it. There is not much doubt about the authoress's sincerity. Her publishers quote some impressive tributes to her bona fides. Even so, assuming that we can discount one or two unattested details, examples of poetic licence like the levitating bowler hat, there is no need to start looking round for supernatural hypotheses. The rational explanation of some form of hysterical dissociation does not need to be stretched to fit the facts. But what an extraordinary and fascinating case-history it makes!

MAURICE RICHARDSON

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Brecht and Others

Modern German Drama. By H. F. GARTEN. *Methuen.* 21*s.*

If German literature is considered a bore, English books on it are partly to blame. Works on German literature tend to be written in a style at best dull, at worst impenetrably obscure (Miss E. M. Butler's writings are an honourable exception). This is a pity, because there is a great deal that is worth the effort of discovery. Indeed, rumours of vast, unworked deposits in the field of German Drama have filtered through to the West End recently, and will soon be reaching the ears of play-hungry television moguls. We have had Hauptmann's *Garden of Loneliness* and Dürrenmatt's *Marriage of Mr Mississippi* at the Arts, Schiller's *Mary Stuart* at the Old Vic, Büchner's *Death of Danton* at Hammersmith. And the BBC has been treating us to a strict diet of Brecht (*Mother Courage, Galileo, The Exception and the Rule,* and *Lucullus*—within the year). Soon we shan't be able to plead ignorance any longer.

Mr Garten's book should assist in our enlightenment. It deals with German Drama since 1889, the year of Hauptmann's first triumph. It is comprehensive, accurate, and well-organised. The illustrations are excellent (an important point in any book on modern German Theatre—though one wonders whether many of the plays produced were worthy of Reinhardt's and Jessner's talents). And the list of English translations provided should be of great use to would-be producers of Brecht and Hauptmann, as well as of playwrights like Schnitzler, Sudermann and Wedekind, who appear to have been well known in this country fifty years ago, but have since vanished from the repertoire. The only error of fact I can detect in Mr Garten's book is his reference to *Der Blaue Boll* (1926) as Barlach's 'last important drama'. It was not in fact Barlach's last drama; he wrote *Der Graf von Ratzeburg* under the Nazis and many would now consider it his finest play. Mr Garten says, too, that Barlach's work was 'scarcely affected by outside events'; but in this play Barlach was attempting to grapple with the Satanic phenomenon of Nazism.

Yet while *Modern German Drama* may well become the standard textbook on the subject and prove 'invaluable to the student', I am not sure if it will be 'of interest to the general reader'. As a work on German literature it is not entirely free of the faults mentioned above. It is exhaustive and impartial, but it is also uncritical. Some of the plays discussed are better than others: the English reader should be told why. The Expressionist period has to be covered historically, but it ought to be explained why most of these plays are now unreadable as well as unactable. Again, Mr Garten devotes twenty pages to National Socialist Drama, although there is nothing written by a National Socialist that would merit a paragraph on aesthetic grounds alone. This is a pity, since the space could have been devoted to a fuller analysis of modern German plays of real value. These are so many, and some of them are of such immediate contemporary relevance, that the English reader should not be bothered with plays, long forgotten in Germany, like Hans Chlumberg's *Wunder um Verdun* (1932), of which Mr Garten remarks, 'this haunting play remained the only work of the author who was accidentally killed at the dress rehearsal. . . .' 'Accidentally'? I wonder.

JOHN MANDER

Denial

Marcel Duchamp. By ROBERT LEBEL. *Collins: Trianon Press.* 4½ *gns.*

'Je m'en fiche de la poésie' said Paul Valéry and gave himself up to mathematics for the next fifteen years. *'Je m'en fiche'*, an ejaculatory verb, which suggests the sum of irritated rejection, is fundamentally an anti-romantic cry, however passionately Romantics may use it. It can be extended to cover everything, whether trivial or consequential, which has had an emotional effect on the speaker. It is surely the emotion which is implicitly rejected, rather than the object of scorn, or so it seems to me.

Imagination, when brought to boggling point by the apparent inconsequence of the arts, pushes this cry. It is occasionally pushed so far that fifteen years of mathematics seems hardly an adequate cure. Marcel Duchamp, an artist with a crystalline mind, an enormous talent and an unfortunate capacity to see the joke, gave up painting at the age of twenty-five and embraced comedy—not mathematics but comedy of a most private and uncompromising order. The impulse which brought Valéry to maths is partially echoed, in that Duchamp turned to chess and a peculiar crypto-science as well, but the sum of it all is perhaps the grimmest criticism of twentieth-century art yet to have been promulgated; a whispered jeer from a man who, by 1912, had completed four pictures which have become four of the most celebrated and influential canvases of our time. In that year, almost exactly on his twenty-fifth birthday, Duchamp interrupted his career as a painter with a gesture of total rejection or, to quote Robert Lebel, the author of this first book on the artist, he 'like a twenty-five-year-old spinster on St Catherine's Day, and to his detriment, made a grim resolution as to his own future'. His future involved every kind of intellectual game on the periphery of the arts. With too many hobby-horses to be a *dadaist*, too surrealist to be a surrealist, he has been uncompromisingly logical within a framework as uncompromisingly irrational in its construction as the world through the looking-glass. Duchamp has lived out the remainder of his seventy-two years in a manner cool, detached and potty. This laborious eccentricity is the very stuff of romance and naturally he has become a legend and deserves to be one. He has dedicated his later life to the manufacture of curious puns, verbal and visual; he has rejected emotionalism so totally that he

has rejected his art, only to become a romantic legend. It is a paradox which would justify his efforts, if the end product were not Romance with the most delicate, bitter-sweet perfume.

Burning with a gem-like flame as impressive and as tedious as any martyrdom, Duchamp has become a miraculous *collage*, an assembly of talents glued to one another, an assembly of negatives such as his friend the photographer Man Ray might have put together. There is something of Picasso, something of Joyce, something of Lewis Carroll, something even of Einstein maybe, in Duchamp – or choose another set of names if you prefer – but there is no question about the fact that he is a man of genius. What he has spent his quality upon is something else again, or perhaps he has not spent it. The *catalogue raisonnée*, published in this monograph, includes such items as a fake cheque, a urinal (No. 175), 1,200 coal bags, suspended over an (electric) stove and a large batch of 'ready-mades', groups of everyday objects combined under metaphysical, punning titles. It also includes *La Grande Verre*, an artefact of quite magical beauty upon which the artist spent many years, and *Le Passage de la Vierge à la Mariée*, which is one of the finest paintings of the twentieth century. Yet the sum total of this catalogue reveals a kind of desert father contemplating a skull with an identical silly grin. God knows, one sees his point of view. He seems to sit, attired in a 'ready-made' hair shirt, to which he is indifferent, with no baggage but the famous *Boite en Valise*, that neat suitcase in which he packed a retrospective exhibition of his work in miniature. He is quite invulnerable, although he must feel vaguely irritated by the adulation of art lovers who refuse to find him irritating.

This book, after all, is a rejection of Duchamp's rejection and a lavish one, although it is put together as irritatingly as the master could wish. 'My irony,' he says, 'is the irony of indifference: meta-irony' and indifference is the most irritating of all defences – and the last one.

It is not Duchamp's intellectual dandyism, his malice, or his puritanism that irritates. It is more than irritation that one feels if one is not indifferent. It is the withdrawal of one of the best intellects from French painting at a crucial time when some brains might have made all the difference and Cubism might not have folded itself into elegant decoration.

'Le sec de la grande tradition française' as Ozenfant called it, comes in a distillation now so rare that one contemplates with anguish the moment when Duchamp corked his bottle. It is tragic to think of him sitting apart in a meta-ironic vacuum, remote from the yobs whose motto is *sum ergo non cogito* and whose romantic responses inform contemporary art *ad nauseam*, and it is tragic to contemplate a master who has spent the bitter part of his life in manipulating a 'ready-made' waste plug, which, pulled, lets the baby out with the bath water.

MICHAEL AYRTON

New Novels

Mark of Shame. By WILLI HEINRICH. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson.* 16*s.*

The Fear Makers. ANONYMOUS. *Michael Joseph.* 16*s.*

The Autumn Equinox. By JOHN HEARNE. *Faber.* 15*s.*

Comrade Venka. By PAVEL NILIN. *Hutchinson.* 18*s.*

The Bed-Sitter. By YVONNE MITCHELL. *Barker.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

German writers mythologise easily and naturally. Even a modern novel of tenacious realism will often broaden out into prophecy, anagoge, fantasy and pattern; and the reader advances into a complex replica of twentieth-century Germany, all paradoxes and extremes. No wonder the German miracle – from cautery to resurgence – is written about apocalyptically as a providential saga similar to the American Dream.

Willi Heinrich's third novel (which deserts the incandescent war scenes of *The Willing Flesh* and *The Savage Mountain* for the sedater ethos of post-war Nuremberg) is the most chastening tragi-satire I've read in years. Herr Heinrich is the boom's muckraker, denouncing both the new-rich and those newly respectable ghouls who got away with infamy or turpitude and now dream of the *Herrenvolk's* next millennium. Into their world of blackmail, muffled conscience and busy obesity drifts Hergett Buchholz, just released from a Siberian prison-camp. Clumsy, emaciated, shabby and resentfully sincere, he returns to his voluptuous ex-wife and a desultory, futile love-affair with the daughter of a crypto-Nazi magistrate. But Buchholz is too much of a misfit to convince women or keep a job: he takes his emotional bearings from his family home in Ilmenau, now in the Eastern zone. In his bewildered, idealising mind, Ilmenau develops into an image of lost Eden; and in a pathetic attempt to slip across the frontier he brings about his own death.

Herr Heinrich does everything possible to balance indictment with allegory, to ensure the one's completeness and ballast the other with the unmitigated ordinariness of everyday life. The result is tremendous: Babylon anatomised, its bad heart dissected, integrity banished like the *Steppenwolf* and the national mania shown unsnivellingly renascent. But the author's comic sense keeps hatred and shame from obliterating his and our, concern with human motives. Sigrid Rock's translation, into American idiom, is impeccable and curiously apt.

From the anachronistic outcast to the enmeshed rebel – *The Fear Makers* is a dramatised tract on the vendettas initiated by surviving Nazis. Alfred Link, its journalist hero-martyr, once belonged to the German Underground; in 1945 he played a minor, almost clerical part in the rounding-up of war criminals, two of whom were robbed and beaten up by his French associates. Eleven years later, in collaboration with other well-placed Nazis, these two have him arrested on a trumped-up charge of robbery with violence. Much of the novel is devoted to discussions he has with a fellow-prisoner and the good-natured but bovinely imperturbable gaoler, Grimm. Eventually, after Link's wife has consulted a flock of corrupt or pusillanimous officials and advisers, the charge is quashed – a small, temporary victory over the dormant sadists and active cynics. Abandoning the idea of escape to Switzerland, Alfred Link carries on, believing his kind needed, and awaits the next move of a corrupt judiciary and its associated fear-makers. The novel's end

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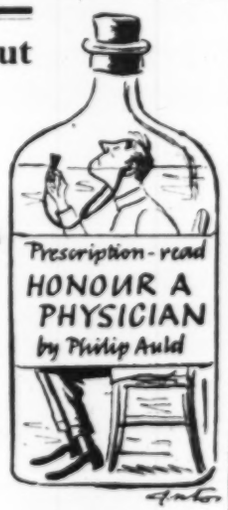

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PANEL: John Peet (Editor: Democratic German Report) Gordon Schaffer (Well-known journalist) Dorothy Diamond (Teacher of Biology)

is abrupt and grotesque, half-fable, half-nightmare: a fitting consummation to this weird, Kafka-like rite of claustrophobic innocence and deluded self-sacrifice. The book's main force is expository but, thanks to a wealth of poignant aphorisms, some scaldingly articulate tirades and the suffusing horror of a long scene in which Nazi victims are exhumed, there isn't a dull or unprovoking moment. Oliver Coburn's translation is excellent.

The Autumn Equinox is an immaculate and perfect creation; verbal chamber-music for three highly individual voices taking turns to soliloquise: Nicholas Stacey, twice a widower, uncynically disillusioned after a maelstrom of a life, now retired to the lush West Indian island of Cayuna; Eleanor, his beautiful adopted daughter, awakening to womanhood while running the Stacey general store; and Jim Diver, a young American who comes to Cayuna to operate an illegal printing-press for Fidel Castro's Cuban insurgents. Eleanor and Jim fall deeply in love; Stacey disapproves; but plain-clothes men wreck the press and give Jim a beating-up that makes him seek fuller commitment to the rebel cause. He tears himself away from Eleanor and goes off to fight alongside Castro's irregulars. Stacey nods wisely; the girl muddles on. It's an irregular slice of life, subtly trimmed into art. Each of the three characters, taking his turn to ruminate, lays bare the others. They think and speak in a prose both lapidary and idiomatic. The fruition and sea-changes of young love emerge in an intensely moving way, like an heraldic echo of the ripe commotion of the island itself. Every sentence is a joy to read in this *bel canto* performance. Mr Hearne is enormously gifted; and this novel, his fourth, is his best.

The setting of *Comrade Venka* is the early 1920s: Venka Malishev, a serious young member of the OGPU, tracking bandits through thick Siberian forests, comes to sympathise with them but nevertheless brings them in. Shortly afterwards he shoots himself in a fit of despair brought on by remorse and a mixed-up love-affair. The duty-versus-heart theme is chunky; the snowscapes are deliciously exotic, and the author has a keen eye for people's characteristic gestures. But these things are no match for vast wastes of earnest *Komsomol* debate, the general woodenness of the characters and the crass narrator's relentless eulogising of his heroic friend. Biggles books are subtler by far.

The Bed-Sitter is a sharply observed, trenchantly written *récit* in which Karl, a maladroit young German refugee, traces the course of his utter dependence upon a self-centred minor English actress. She, without ever putting herself out or getting involved, accepts him for a time—giving him confidence, then drops him. The unequal exchange of his unmasterful devotion for her casual motherliness leads to a disenchantment neatly counterpointed by the solemn perfectionism of another ill-suited couple. Miss Mitchell presents her people with finesse and true dramatic flair. Some impatient brevities and an occasional sketchiness apart, the result is quite Gidean in its mordancy and deftness. A crisp and intelligent first fiction.

PAUL WEST

Week-end Competition

No. 1,551. **Set by Hilbrian**

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asked Cowper. The usual prizes are offered for a rhymed answer to this question (limit 14 lines). Entries by 24 November.

Result of No. 1,548. Set by Anne Hathaway

'A poor mother scraped to bring up her son Johnny. Now he must leave her and go to a distant land. "Where is your hair, Johnny?" asks his mother. "They shore me of it by the River Danube." (*i.e.*, he was conscripted and had his hair cut.)' This is how the words of a folk nocturne by Janacek are translated into English on a record sleeve. Competitors are invited to render one verse of any of the following into Translators' English: *Auld Lang Syne, Frankie and Johnny, What Shall we do with a Drunken Sailor, Billy Boy, The Foggy Foggy Dew, The Ash Grove, John Peel.*

Report

The problem in R. Kennard Davis's words was

To reach the maximum of imbecility
Without the sacrifice of plausibility.

Some competitors tried to solve it by giving not a translation, but a synopsis. This was not strictly what was asked for, amusing though many of the entries were. D. S. Raven's *Foggy Foggy Dew* translation was obviously from the Greek:

What great sighs, cries of what sort, immortal gods, did she wanting but an ace of death utter . . .?

But space must be left for as many entries as possible: half a guinea for each asterisk.

JOHN PEEL

** Are you informed of John the Rind so gaily kilted?
He dwelt for one day in the Brook of Troutfish.
Now has he taken himself to far places.
We do not again hear his voice early.
Because his bagpipe brought me newly to rise,
And his dog that yelped, he leading it.
Because the 'Hoopla!' of the Rind showed the leg to corpses,
Or bestirred the fox early.

J. A. LINDON

* Do you know John Peel, clad in bright fashion?
At Troutbeck he formerly had his habitation.
Now he has left for a distant destination.
We shall not hear his shout in the morning.
At the noise of his horn from my couch I stirred,
Or when of his hounds the barking I heard.
Peel's hunting cry would arouse men interred,
Or the fox in his hole in the morning.

R. KENNARD DAVIS

* Are you acquainted with John Pell of the joyful vestment
Are you acquainted with John Pell at the crack of dawn
Are you acquainted with John Pell† when he's in the distance
With his curs and his trump before breakfast?
For his tan-tantivy woke me with a start
And the din of his curs which he's frequently headed.
Pell's 'I *say* look here!' would bring forth the dear departed
Or the fox from his nook before breakfast.

†Translators often get names wrong.

JAMES S. FIDGEN

FRANKIE AND JOHNNY

* Frankie looks through the hole in the key and there notices her Johnny on the couch-bed being very affectionated with Nelly Bly. He was her sweetheart, but he was behaving to her very improperly.

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AULD LANG SYNE

* Is it that elderly bosom pals should be overlooked
And not fetched to the brain?
Is it that historic cronies should be obliviated
And epochs of old-fashioned heretofore?

STANLEY J. SHARPLESS

THE ASH GROVE

** There in the verdant hollow where rivulets wind I prowl in the dusk or at shining middays and in the umbrage of the Wood of Ashes. The dark bird he sang yonder for beatitude when I happed on my hearts' beloved. O how joyful the campanulaceous bloomers! How soon to separate, but I knew not!

R. A. MCKENZIE

BILLY BOY

** A dote-mother beseeches her boy 'Where did you all day?'

'I did all day spending with the charming Nancy who so teases my imagination,' he tells.

'Can she cook a goulash of sheepsmeet and earthapples such as the folk of Ireland eat?'

'Yes', he assures, 'and a special sort of sweet-cake as in Lancashire too.'

L. G.

* Can she concoct an Eirrean broth, young William, young William? Can she concoct an Eirrean broth, my offspring William?

She can concoct an Eirrean broth, yes, and vocal Northumbrian tea-cakes also. And my Nancy kindled my admiration, oh my attractive son William.

G. J. BLUNDELL

DRUNKEN SAILOR

Wearing a tubular trouser the offender shall be placed in the drainways when the dawn bursts. Urah! and the lady springs from bed when the dawn bursts.

LIVINGSTONE K. BLUNTMORE

City Lights

All But Convertible

Mr Maudling's dash for freedom has taken the country a good deal further than most people expected. Britain has now virtually abandoned discrimination against dollar imports and abolished almost all import restrictions except those imposed on goods from Japan and from Communist countries. Less than 5 per cent. of dollar imports are still restricted, and the restrictions which remain on a few things like coal, canned fruit and pharmaceuticals have been kept for special reasons; the same is true of the general import restrictions which remain on such things as sugar, watches, dyestuffs, jute and certain agricultural products, though some of these may have to go when the free trade area of the seven comes into existence. The shops are now free to fill their windows with American clothes, German cameras and French cars, but the effect on Britain's trading balance is not expected to be great once the novelty has worn off.

The abolition of import restrictions, following the moves towards convertibility and the ending of the tourist allowance, is the penultimate step towards making sterling formally convertible under Article VIII of the International Monetary Fund. This final step is one for Britain to take; the Radcliffe Committee, rightly deciding that Article VII was unworkable, thought that it should not be taken until the IMF had provided a firm assurance that it would allow Britain to reimpose trade and currency restrictions in any future emergency. The official view, however, is rather different: on the one hand, it would be impracticable to secure such an assurance; on the other, it would be impossible for the IMF to refuse, in a real emergency, the latitude it has already allowed to countries which have signed Article VIII. The idea seems to be that the main European countries – Germany has already been scolded for its delay – should move on to formal convertibility together in the spring. The only question is whether General de Gaulle will regard the idea as an insult to French sovereignty.

* * *

Mr Leather, the City Scandals man, has been to see Mr Amory and Mr Maudling. His account of what went on at his interview with Mr Amory seems to have gone further than Mr Amory would have liked; Mr Maudling, at any rate, took the precaution of issuing a statement as soon as Mr Leather had left him to say that he had been given certain information and listened with interest to certain suggestions. The Tory backbenchers are pressing for quicker action than the government is ready for – a private member's bill to supervise bodies which invite deposits from the public is on the way.

* * *

Building societies, meanwhile, refuse to leave the headlines. A group of shareholders in the State building society has finally persuaded the Registrar to appoint an inspector to investigate its affairs. The chairman of another society, City and Metropolitan, has admitted to seeing the chairman of the Building Societies Association: the press, it seems, had become interested in the fact that the society has board links with the

Frontier

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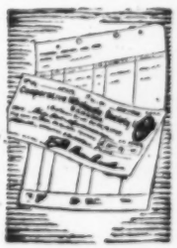

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NS

Chamberlain group of property companies, the chairman of which recently threw himself out of his flat window, and has made loans to it. The group may be sound, the mortgages may be amply secured, but there is a good deal of interest at the moment in building societies which work with property companies; the Building Societies Association has come out this week with another blast. The Association's quarterly figures, by the way, show that societies were flush enough to lend a record amount on mortgage in the third quarter of this year and that the Stock Exchange boom is having only a moderate effect on the inflow of new money. They also show that the societies which are nervous about their reserve ratios and suddenly reluctant to lend more to property companies have got the government's scheme for mortgages on old houses off to an unexpectedly good start.

* * *

The rest of the news is snippety. Lord Chandos has told the Institute of Directors that the Stock Exchange's power to suspend quotations is quite enough to control takeover bids, not apparently realising that this power – the use of which would hurt members and annoy investors – is used much too rarely to be effective. . . . The Midland Bank, in splendid isolation, is now introducing term loans to industry to match its term loans to farmers; the other banks, certainly, are already tempting businessmen into bad ways by granting overdrafts for capital expenditure, but term loans cannot be called in when the banks are short of money. . . . A merger is being arranged between two discount companies which will produce the third largest house out of eleven; the chairman of one of them made himself unpopular in his last annual speech by calling for stronger units with larger capital, able to perform the duty of jobbing in bonds which the market undertook after the war but which most houses remember only when it suits them . . .

Company News

The profits of *Standard-Triumph* have risen much further than most people expected – by 42½ per cent. gross, by 75 per cent. after depreciation, and by 120 per cent. after tax. Earnings have more than doubled to 43 per cent., the 12 per cent. dividend has been maintained, and it now seems unlikely that the loss of the tractor business will force a cut next year. Car production is rising rapidly, and the loss of the tractor side may be made good in much less than the twelve months originally anticipated. The final dividend of the *British Motor Corporation* is better than that forecast; the total for the years is 18¼ per cent. against the equivalent of 13½ per cent., the effective basis is now 20 per cent., and the market is satisfied. Profits were surprisingly and sharply down from £24.55m to £20.31m, the introduction of an unusually large number of new models causing a sizeable drop in output. This drop, however, is temporary: production has recently been running at an annual rate of 675,000 vehicles a year against the 486,000 actually produced in 1958-9. *Courtaulds* has recovered well, with profits for the past half-year of £9.2m against £13.5m for the whole of 1958-9.

TAURUS

HARRISONS & CROSFIELD, LIMITED

Extracts from the Directors' Report and circulated statement of the Chairman, **Sir Leonard Paton, C.B.E., M.C.** *for the year ended 30th June, 1959.*

PROFIT AND DIVIDEND. Group profit after tax £624,248 compared with £539,912 last year. The Directors recommend the following dividends on the Deferred Ordinary Stock – final dividend of 10% making a total of 15% for the year (same) together with a bonus of 5% (2½%).

PROPOSED SCRIP ISSUE. The Directors recommend capitalisation of £1,000,000 of the Capital Reserve. Subject to confirmation Deferred Ordinary Stockholders will receive two new £1 shares (converted on issue into stock) for every £3 stock held.

NEW DEVELOPMENTS. A half interest has been acquired in a well-established South African Company, Carst & Walker (Holdings) Pty. Ltd. A new Canadian Company, H. & C. Equipment Co. Ltd., has been formed to promote the sale in Canada of capital goods of British manufacture.

CURRENT FINANCIAL YEAR. Results to date are fully comparable with last year but it would be imprudent to suggest now that the pattern will persist until 30th June next.

The fifty-first Annual General Meeting will be held at 11.15 a.m. on 8th December at 19 Fenchurch Street, E.C.3.

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The Chess Board

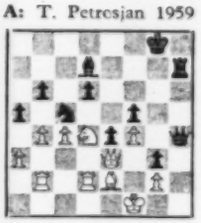
No. 522. Our Summit Meeting

Meaning, of course, that exalted contest next March when our reigning champion will have to defend his throne. As for the challengers, I was delighted to see Smyslov's strength of character assert itself when, in spite of his catastrophic start, he did live up to his phenomenal prowess. I am not unhappy, though, that we shall be spared yet another Botvinnik-Smyslov match. I trust that Tal's challenge will provide rather more thrilling chess, and having often enough proved to be a bad prophet I can note with some satisfaction that, more than a year ago, I 'tipped' Tal as the most likely challenger. As for Petrosjan he is quite young enough to be almost sure of his chance some time later, but what about 'poor old' Keres? I for one do not think that in his early forties (and as physically fit as he is known to be) he should be 'written off,' as seems to be the general contention. No one, surely, was quite so near to the coveted challenge and quite so often as Keres was, and no one deserves it better than he does. Let him take heart by remembering his earliest meetings with Lasker at a time when that grand old warrior was getting on for seventy and still held his own among the top-grandmasters. Meanwhile, let's rejoice with young Tal, twice victor and once runner-up in the last three USSR championships, to say nothing of his astonishing feat of winning Portoroz, Zurich and the Candidates' Tournament, all within one year. No doubt, the sparks will fly when this young firebrand comes up against Botvinnik's rock-like confidence and erudition next spring, no doubt we can look forward to quite a treat. Here's Tal's 2nd round victory against Gligoric which (according to P. Müller's notes in the *Basler Nachrichten*) is of some special interest since, at Portoroz last year, Gligoric successfully adopted the same variation of his favourite King's Indian against Tal. Later on Shervin (against Gligoric too) improved the variation for White, but Gligoric never got his chance of showing his own improvement for Black since, evidently, Tal had done some homework too. But let's see.

(1) P-Q4, Kt-KB3; (2) P-QB4, P-KKt3; (3) Kt-QB3, B-Kt2; (4) P-K4, P-Q3; (5) P-B3, 0-0; (6) B-K3, P-K4; (7) KKt-K2, P-B3; (8) P-Q5, P x P; (9) BP x P, P-QR3; (10) Q-Q2, QKt-Q2; (11) P-KKt4, P-KR4; (12) P-KR3, Kt-R2; [So far like Shervin-Gligoric, but Tal's next, impeding the vital . . . P-KR5, invalidates Gligoric's new line] (13) P-KR4!, P x KtP; (14) P x KtP, KKt-B3; (15) B-R3!, Kt-Kt3; (16) B-Kt5!, Kt-B5; (17) Q-Q3!, Q-B2 [Kt x P?? would lose a piece after Q-B3 and R-KB1]; (18) P-Kt3, Kt-R6; (19) R-QB1, B x P [Relatively best]; (20) B x Kt, B x Kt; (21) K x B!, B x B; (22) Kt-Kt1, Q-R4; (23) P-Kt4, Q x KtP; (24) Kt x Kt, B x P; (25) Kt-B4, P-QKt4; (26) Kt-Kt6, QR-Q1; (27) B-B5!, B-Kt4; (28) QR-KKt1, Q-Kt7 ch; (29) K-B3, B-B5; (30) R-Kt2, Q-Kt5; (31) Kt-Q7, R-B1; (32) Kt-B6 ch [Good enough, but for once (owing to time pressure) Tal missed a sacrificial line (B x P, etc.) winning in a few moves], K-Kt2; (33) Kt-R5 ch, K-Kt1; (34) B x R, R x B; (35) R-QB2, R x R; (36) Q x R, Q-R6 ch; (37) Q-Kt3, Q x Q ch; (38) P x Q, P x Kt; (39) R-QR1 with an easily won ending.

The 4-pointer for beginners is a position from the tournament. White had just played K-B1, and Black forced immediate resignation. How? **B** and **C** are both wins, the former a veritable antique and quite a bargain at 6 ladder-points, the latter not too easy for 7. Usual prizes. Entries by 23 November.

A: T. Petrosjan 1959



B: Philip Stamma, 1734: /6k1/2r2p2/5P2/4Kt3/8/1qp5/1P2R3/1K2R3/.

C: V. M. Platov, 1905: /8/6P1/8/5p2/1B5K/16/2kr4/.

REPORT on No. 519. Set 24 October

A: (1) . . . R-Q7!; (2) BxR, Kt-Q5 etc.
B: (1) R-B3 ch, K-Kt2; (2) R-B5!, R-Kt8 ch; (3) KxP, R-KR8; (4) R-B8! etc. If (1) . . . K-K2; (2) P-K5!, RxP; (3) R-K3 etc. or (2) . . . R-R4; (3) R-B8 etc.

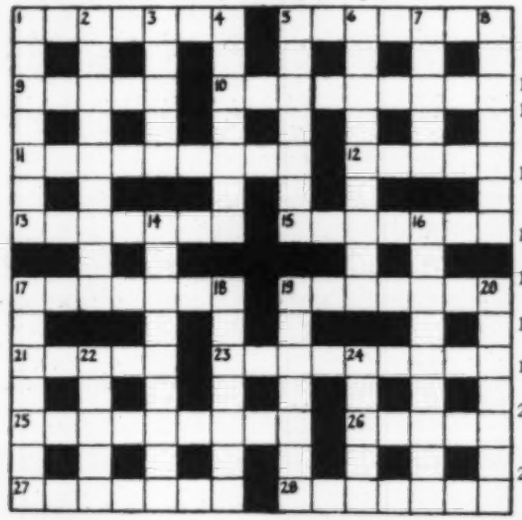
C: (1) P-Q4 ch, K-K5; (2) Kt-B5, Q-Q2; (3) R-QKt8!, P-R5!; (4) RxB!, Q-B2!; (5) K-R3!, Q-Q2; (6) K-R4, Q-B2; (7) K-R5, Q-Q2; (8) K-R6, Q-B2; (9) K-Kt7!, Q-Q2; (10) K-R7!, Q-B2; (11) K-R6, Q-Q2; (12) K-R5, Q-B2; (13) K-R4, Q-Q2; (14) K-R3, Q-B2; (15) K-R2! [Whereby White has regained the position after the 4th, with Black to move], Q-Q2; (16) K-Kt1, Q-B2; (17) K-B2!, Q-Q2; (18) R-Kt8!, Q-Q1; (19) R-B8!! and wins.

A tough lot and only 5 correct solutions to share the prizes: G. Abrahams, C. Allen, D. E. Cohen, C. Sandberg, A. J. Sobey. While I am abroad (until mid-December) entries to be forwarded in time must reach the office by Monday, 2nd mail.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword 379

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 379, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post 24 Nov.



ACROSS

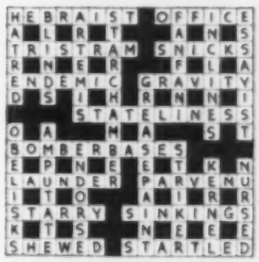
1. Put Matthews in the team —there may be a cable about it (7).
5. Politician who spends little time in drudgery (7).
9. Take it easy and put an end to the quarrel with a kiss (5).
10. Strip for the Bath (3, 6).
11. Unfavourable weather conditions ensure that the truce is concluded (9).
12. Thought becomes a heroine of tragedy when subject turns into object (5).
13. Sailor with vegetation as headgear (7).
15. Arrangement for broadcasting a goalkeeper's job (7).
17. Acted to keep within the plot (7).
19. It may be in a fighter or contain fighters (7).
21. With regard to the drink put back, it is the equivalent of a large river (5).
23. The emperor would be aloof if the human element were missing (9).
25. Learning shown in a publication about Russia's beginnings (9).
26. Girl finished by a subtle emanation (5).
27. Bob may go ahead of these means of transport (7).
28. Weep about a queen—it is a literary row (7).

DOWN

1. Fruit which makes the scoundrel rave (7).
2. The official has to take steps under a certain measure (9).
3. The contributions include a ruthless cut in expenditure (5).
4. City ruined now rich (7).
5. Pin for a fish (7).
6. Characteristic of a language but without the relative it would be absurd (9).
7. The gold couch is round (5).
8. Country of men hidden in the night (7).
14. Unchanging, but rung any six changes (9).
16. Works or melody at the appropriate time (9).
17. Those who proscribe standards (7).
18. Rows about an old boy born for horses (7).
19. Standard in an American on ice (7).
20. Those people are about to knock for treatment (7).
22. Fine fabric upper-class in look (5).
24. A bearer of cables (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 377



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UNIVERSITY of Queensland. Applications are invited for the following position. Lecturer in French. Salary £A1,540/£A2,040 p.a. Applicants should hold an Honours Degree in French or be a graduate of a French university. They shd. be capable of speaking French correctly and fluently and of delivering lectures in French. Special competence in teaching 17th century French literature would be an added qualification for this post. Applications close 19 December 1959. Further particulars and application forms may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1, or from the Registrar, University of Queensland, Brisbane, Queensland, Australia.

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APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

UNIVERSITY of Malaya in Kuala Lumpur. Assistant Librarians. Applications are invited for appointment to two posts of Assistant Librarian which are likely to fall vacant in 1960. Candidates should have a degree of an approved University, plus Associateship of the Library Association or an equivalent professional qualification, plus experience in a University or similar Library. Salary scale: $820 × 35 – 1,030/1,100 × 40 – 1,300 (basic). Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in Kuala Lumpur and London, on 10 Dec. 1959.

THE University of Manchester. Applications are invited for the post of Lecturer or Assistant Lecturer in Government (with special reference to public administration). Salary scales: Lecturer £900-£1,650 per annum, initial salary according to qualifications and experience: Assistant Lecturer £700-£850 per annum. Membership of FSSU and Children's Allowance Scheme. Applications should be sent not later than 14 December 1959, to the Registrar, the University, Manchester, 13, from whom further particulars and forms of application may be obtained.

EAST Riding of Yorkshire Education Committee. Barlby County Secondary School. Appointment of Headmaster. Applications are invited from well-qualified graduates for the post of Headmaster of the new Barlby County Secondary School which is expected to open in September, 1960. This will be a general secondary school of the East Riding pattern which will have technical courses and an academic stream preparing for external examinations. A house will be provided for the Headmaster. There will be a mixed three-form entry, and the school will be in Group IX for salary purposes. Further details and forms of application may be obtained from the Acting Chief Education Officer, County Hall, Beverley, Yorkshire, to whom completed forms should be returned by 5 Dec. 1959.

TUTOR Organiser required for National Old People's Welfare Council's Training and Refresher Courses for Matrons of Homes for elderly people. Appointment offers scope for initiative and imaginative planning. Salary £850-£950 per annum according to experience and qualifications. Further details and application forms from Administrative Secretary, National Council of Social Service, 26 Bedford Square, London, WC1. Completed applications required by 25 November.

LONDON County Council. Social Workers invited to apply for appointment as assistant organisers of children's care work in the Public Health Department. Work involves organisation of treatment in school health service, attendance at school clinics and hospital out-patient departments and the social work arising. Close co-operation with the voluntary care committee workers is an essential feature and the position carries some responsibility for the recruitment, training and advising of these workers. There will also be opportunity for suitable candidates to take part in case work with problem families. For such candidates experience in family case work is essential and all candidates should have had experience in practical social work with preferably the relevant social science training. Salary scale: £625 (at age 24) to £830; commencing point according to qualifications and experience. Application form and details from the Medical Officer of Health (PH/D.L./2432), County Hall, SE1. Closing date 30 Nov.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

GIRTON College, Cambridge. The Council propose to appoint a Lecturer or Assistant Lecturer in each of the subjects Modern History and German, to hold office from 1 October 1960. Election into a Fellowship may be made on appointment, or subsequently. The pensionable emoluments will be related to category of hours of instruction, to seniority, and to whether an office in the University is also held. Applications for either appointment from suitably qualified women are invited as soon as possible and not later than 12 January 1960, addressed to the College Secretary, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

UNIVERSITY of Oxford. Institute for Research in Agricultural Economics. Vacancies will occur 1 January 1960 and subsequently for research workers, possibly with some teaching duties. Economics degree with knowledge of statistical methods desirable, but applications will be considered from other graduates in associated fields. Applications are specially invited from those with qualifications or experience in (i) markets for farm products; (ii) land use and theory of location. Appointment in first instances will be until June 1961, but if work is satisfactory may be extended to a term not exceeding six years in all. Salary £650-£900 according to qualifications and experience. Applications to be submitted to the Secretary of the Institute before 25 November 1959.

ARCHITECTS. Several Assistant Architects required in busy Midland office, interesting work, mainly hospital commercial and industrial. Excellent opportunities for self expression. Five-day week, pension scheme, assistance in obtaining living accommodation. Salary £1,200 upwards according to qualifications. Box 317.

NORTHUMBERLAND County Council invite applications for the post of Family Case Worker (male or female) with Social Science qualifications for intensive rehabilitation work with selected families. Salary £610 to £765. The post is pensionable and the successful candidate will be required to pass a medical examination. Applications, stating age, qualifications, experience and the names of two referees, should be sent to County Medical Officer, County Hall, Newcastle upon Tyne, 1, as soon as possible.

CITY of Birmingham Children's Committee. Child Care Officer (male or female) required. Salary according to qualifications, etc. Child Care Certificate – APT II (£765-£880); Degree or Social Science Diploma – APT I (£610-£765) + £20 temporary excess rate. Commencing salary not less than £690 p.a. Candidates not possessing a Child Care Certificate will be graded APT II after two years' service with this, or any other, local authority. Further details obtainable from Children's Officer, 91 Lionel Street, Birmingham 3. Closing date for applications – 27 Nov. 1959.

ABLE woman Welfare Worker required as additional recruit to London Headquarters of progressive national social service organisation; must be able to type and compose effective letters. Personality and potentialities more important than experience or diplomas. Salary up to £520 according to age and general abilities, with extra for appropriate experience. Box 312.

INTERNATIONAL Voluntary Service which runs work-camps and renders practical aid to needy people, requires organising secretary, early 1960. Minimum salary £600 plus children's allowance. Details and forms from the Chairman of the Executive Committee, 72 Oakley Square, London, NW1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

CANBERRA University College. Lecturer in Psychology. Applications are invited for appointment to the above post. Applicants must possess a degree with honours in psychology, a higher degree in psychology, or equivalent qualifications. Salary range: £A1,502-£2,102 p.a. (actual). Annual increments of £75. Commencing salary will be in accordance with qualifications and experience. Further particulars and conditions of appointment may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of the Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close in Australia and London on 11 January, 1960.

CHILD Welfare Officers. LCC require suitably qualified persons as child welfare officers for area children's office at Kings Cross (subject to Council's general right to transfer staff to other areas), to deal with reception into care, rehabilitation, boarding out, adoption, supervision and other field work associated with deprived children. Area for reception purposes covers Hampstead, Paddington, St Marylebone, Westminster and St Pancras, but children under supervision are placed in establishments outside London and foster homes in central Middlesex, Bucks and Northants. Considerable amount of travelling involved, and ability to drive highly desirable. Assistance towards cost of driving tuition available. Case-loads will ultimately average 50-60 each officer. Previous experience in child care or allied social work necessary. Home Office Certificate in Child Care or other appropriate academic qual. an advantage. Students completing social studies courses invited to apply pending examination results. £665-£965, commencing according to qual. and exp. Promotion opportunities to Senior Child Welfare Officer (£850-£1,185). Application form (returnable by 30 November 1959) and details from Children's Officer (EL/2367), County Hall, London, SE1.

CLINICAL Psychologist required for four sessions (Monday and Friday) in the Dept. of Psychological Medicine at Hospital for Sick Children, Gt Ormond St, London, WC1. The Department gives opportunity of working with many unusual kinds of children, including psychotic and brain damaged. There are already a Principal and two Senior Psychologists. The usual qualifications and Whitley Council conditions apply. Apply in writing to the House Governor before 30 Nov., 1959.

PSYCHOLOGISTS: Pensionable posts in Civil Service Commission (1), Admiralty (1 – men only), Air Ministry (at least 3), Ministry of Labour and National Service (8), Prison Commission (4), Clothing and Stores Experimental Establishment (1 – men only), War Office (3), for candidates aged 21 and over on 1/12/59 with prescribed qualifications in Psychology. Starting salary (men, London) £615 to £975 (exceptionally higher). Maximum £1,300. Promotion prospects. Write Civil Service Commission, Burlington Gardens, London, W1, for details and application form, quoting 559/59. Closing date 24 November 1959.

WEST Sussex County Education Committee. Area Youth Officer for Horsham and surrounding district. (Amended Advertisement.) Applications are invited for this new post. Good teaching or youth service experience essential. Salary scale £1,070 × £27 10s., £1,290 per annum. Scope for pioneering work in educational developments in youth service. Forms and details from Director of Education, County Hall, Chichester. Closing date 30 November 1959.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—cont on p. 690

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—cont. from p. 689

SOCIAL Worker required at Belmont Hospital, Sutton, which is within easy reach of central London. Belmont Hospital is a progressive neurosis hospital and the duties of the social worker will be connected with in-patients and out-patients. Whitley Council salary and conditions (London weighting payable). Applications, giving full details as to age, experience, etc., together with the names and addresses of two referees, should be sent to the Group Secretary, St Ebba's and Belmont Group Hospital Management Committee, Group Office, Belmont Hospital, Brighton Road, Sutton, Surrey.

PSYCHIATRIC Social Worker required at Warley Hospital, Brentwood, Essex. Salary on Whitley Council Scale. Applications to the Physician Superintendent.

AN expanding London Settlement requires an assistant to the Warden, with special responsibility for youth work and for some experimental Social Work. Salary £600 relevant experience and/or qualifications desirable. Box 355.

ASSISTANT Matron required January for boarding house for 13 to 14 year olds, working under housemother. Previous experience not essential. Further particulars on application to the Headmaster, St Christopher School, Letchworth, Herts.

CALDECOTT Community. Required in January a young housemother for a group of deprived children age 9-11. She would be responsible for their general welfare and their 'out of school' activities and occupations. Central Training Council training preferred. Salary £400 (plus £50 if holding CTC Certificate) less £120 for board residence. Eight week holiday a year. Apply Miss Rendel, Caldecott Community, Mersham le Hatch, Ashford, Kent.

RESIDENT Housemother for working Girls' & Students' Hostel, East London. Modern premises. Rewarding post. Interest in individuals essential. Mainly evening duties. Jewess preferred. Apply, Warden, Beaumont Hall, 2 Beaumont Grove, Stepney, E1.

CLUB Leader for Residential Settlement, London. Scope for initiative and imagination. Salary according to qualifications and experience. Apply further details and application form: Box 305.

YOUNG designer of highest ability wanted to produce new regional magazine in Bristol. Start £650. Apply Michael Jenner, 34 Tyndalls Park Road, Bristol.

GRANADA TV has a vacancy for an alert young photographic assistant in its publicity stills department. Experience with a picture agency or newspaper library would be of value in this role. Good typing essential, shorthand an advantage. Write giving details of experience to Stanley Hutchinson, Personnel Officer, Granada TV Network Ltd, 36 Golden Square, London, W1.

GRANADA TV has a vacancy in its publicity department for an alert young woman with a lively pen and a flair for organisation. She will be responsible for the provision of detailed information on the Company's programmes to various journals. This is a challenging and interesting position. Write giving details of experience to Stanley Hutchinson, Personnel Officer, Granada TV Network Ltd, 36 Golden Square, London, W1.

PRIVATE Company in West London with seven figure turnover needs Chief Accountant to take charge of a very busy and vital department. The right man should be able to work hard, enthusiastically and accurately, organise a considerable volume of accounts paper work, contribute by original and creative suggestions to the growth of the company and would be paid accordingly. Musts: Facility with mechanised accounting – full knowledge of books to balance sheet – understanding of Company statistics and budgetary control – ability to control staff. Reply in own handwriting to Box 294.

CLERICAL Assistant-Interviewer (not too young) reqd. by well-known Employment Agency, London, W1, specialising in Catering & Domestic Staff. Good typing, ability to work under pressure and firm but pleasing manner ess. Good & progressive salary. Write, please, stating exp., age & present salary, to Box 348.

FEMALE Assistant to Social Worker required by Holborn Borough Council for part-time duties (approximately 20 hours per week). Applicants should be interested in old people's welfare and willing to do home visiting. Salary at the rate of 6s. 3d. per hour. Further particulars and application form from Town Clerk, Town Hall, Holborn, WC1.

BETTER Books Oxford University Press Bookshop require an assistant for three days a week (Monday, Friday, Saturday 10 to 6.30). Previous experience not essential but vital qualifications include courteous manners, intelligence, a good memory and a feeling for academic bookselling. Telephone Michael Hosking, TEM. 8955.

SECRETARY reqd by social research group at University College, London. High speed shorthand/typing essential. Good holidays & interesting work. Salary £520–£620 per annum approx. according to qualifications. Please write, stating age & experience, to Box 197.

DESIGN Research Unit will have vacancy in December for intelligent girl to run general office – reception, filing, copy typing, etc. Apply in writing to Business Manager, Design Research Unit, 37 Duke Street, W1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

WORKERS' Educational Association, Northern District. Applications are invited for the post of Tutor in Trade Union Studies. Knowledge of Economics, Industrial Relations and the Trade Union Movement desirable. Salary scale £650-£1,200. Application form from: WEA, 51 Grainger Street, Newcastle upon Tyne 1. Closing date for applications 19 December 1959.

COUNTY Borough of West Ham. Chief Welfare Officer required. Salary £1,250-£1,405. Preference for candidates appropriately qualified in Social Science. Details immediately from Town Clerk, West Ham Town Hall, Stratford, E15. Closing date for applications 27 November 1959.

£700 p.a. & interesting senior position for woman (preferably graduate) in publicity company acting as advertisement representatives for University and other publications. The work is varied and there is no bureaucracy. Selling advertising space by letter & telephone call needs a creative mind & a good personality as well as an interest in current affairs. You can use your initiative & exploit your own ideas – & enjoy seeing the results. Apply to: Educational Publicity (Partners) Ltd, 14-18 High Holborn, WC1.

INTERESTING position of assistant to Managing Director offered to intelligent young woman with good command of English & French, with some German & typing ability. Good salary. Box 396.

SECRETARY, 21/35, for social research unit. Sal. to £620. Gd hols. Portman Bureau, 78 George St, W1. HUN. 0676.

YOUNG ladies required for small office. (a) Experienced shorthand-typist prepared to undertake other clerical work, (b) Accounts clerk. Applicants must be willing to fit in with team and undertake variety of office work. 5-day week, 9 a.m.-5 p.m., good holidays. Graded salary scale, L.V. Non-contrib. pension scheme. Apply in writing, Guild of Insurance Officials, 24 Railway Approach, SE1.

SHORTHAND-typist needed for Prison Welfare work. Civil Service rates & conditions. Apply Prison Welfare Officer, HM Prison, Pentonville, N7.

PART-time secretary for inventor, 3 afternoons per week. Pl. 'phone WEStern 1302.

HALF-time secretary (3 days) required for press work, keen interest and intelligence vital. Please write full particulars and salary required to Box 405.

PART- or full-time secretary with good speeds wanted for West End School. Must be efficient. French an advantage, and some experience with accounts. Box 351.

HOUSEKEEPER reqd for father, 2 teenage sons, Bath dist. Sole charge, domestic help and car. Small child acceptable. Suggest trial period Christmas holidays. Box 408.

STELLA Fisher Bureau, 436 Strand, WC2. Telephone TEM. 6644. Employment Agency for male and female office staff.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

CALLING all discerning Publishers. Young man (30) wishing to enter literary world, seeks post as editorial assistant or similar. Has layout, copywriting and serious literary ability. Initial salary relatively unimportant. Box 57.

CLERICAL Assistant, male, weary bureaucratic nationalisation, seeks change, pref. non-commercial concern. Anything interesting. Keen, reliable worker. Box 295.

QUIET translator seeks progressive post amid lively arts. Box 125.

AMERICAN, 29, wishes to remain in England, needs permanent job. Journalism, research, commerce exp. Box 501.

WOMAN (yng son) sks post, live-in household with children. Cen. Lon. Box 374.

YOUNG (28) family man, seeks interesting, perm. post where hard work and initiative appreciated. All suggestions consd. Box 384.

RUSSIAN lady seeks interesting, respectable job. HAM. 7260, after 6 p.m.

MALE graduate, Soc. Studies Dip., under 30, management trng, seeks fresh post London, pref. City area or near. Box 293.

SCHOOLS

CREATIVE Education. Box Hill School, Mickleham, Surrey. Headmaster Roy McComish, DA (for past 8 years a Housemaster at Gordonstoun School), a co-educational Boarding and Day School for pupils from 7-18 years has vacancies for boarders in January 1960. For prospectus please apply to the Headmaster.

A HIGHGATE Montessori Kindergarten. Approved MOH. 2½-5 yrs. Open all year. MOU. 0956.

FOR freedom and self-government, Kilquhanity House, Castle Douglas, Scotland. Boys and girls from 3 years. Headmaster: John M. Aitkenhead, MA, Ed.B.

JUNIOR House School, Saffron Walden, Essex. Day and boarding school has a few vacancies, weekly or termly boarders. Boys and Girls 5-11 years. Wide range of subjects – home atmosphere. Enquiries and visitors welcomed by Headmistress.

NEW Sherwood School, co-educational, progressive, parent-owned, has at the moment limited vacancies for boarders. Epsom 9619.

SCHOLARSHIPS

ABBOTSHOLME School, Derbyshire. Scholarship and entrance tests will be on 29 and 30 March, 1960. Six awards (£60-£240). An Art or Music award is available. 11 and 13 year old entry. Applications before 28 February. Further details from Abbotsholme School, Rocester, Uttoxeter, Staffs.

BADMINTON School, Westbury-on-Trym, Bristol. Three Open Scholarships ranging from £150 per annum to £50 per annum will be offered on the results of the next Entrance Examination. This will be held in February 1960, for girls between the ages of 12 and 14 the following September. Full particulars from the Headmistress.

SEVENOAKS School. Scholarship Regulations. Two or more Major Scholarships value up to full fees (£135 p.a. day boy: £297 boarder). Minor Scholarships and Exhibitions. Junior Group, age: 10.2 to 11¼. (Maths and English). Senior Group, age 11½ to 13¼. Exam end of February. Further particulars from Headmaster.

SIDCOT School, Winscombe, Somerset. (Co-educational boarding school, under Quaker management). One Entrance Scholarship, £100 per annum, open to boys aged 11 to 13½ on 1 December, 1959, for entry September, 1960. Awarded on examination to be held in March. Full details from Headmaster.

PERSONAL

YAS Mina. Orphanage near Tunis. 100 Algerian Refugee Orphans sheltered. Ages 8-13. They have been eating earth to allay hunger pains. Please help us support. War on Want, 9 Madeley Rd, Ealing, W5.

YOUNG mother relinquishing admin. post to give 7-yr-old daughter home security seeks un/furn. cottage; E/N Ridings, Yks, or outskirts London. Essent. low rent or wd give agreed hrs.' assistance in exch./pt exch. Versatile capabilities. Box 349.

COUNTY Borough of East Ham. Foster-home urgently required for an intelligent, modern teenage girl in need of sympathetic handling and understanding. Please apply: Children's Officer, 25 Nelson St, E. Ham, E6.

CAMBRIDGE. Comfortable bed-sitting room, board & generous free time incl. weekends with some remuneration offered by prof. woman in return for help with elderly semi-invalid. Might suit post-grad. student. Apply Steede, 56 Hartington Grove.

BRIGHT, appealing 2-year-old with English mother and West Indian father, likely to be intelligent, needs understanding, long-term loving home which would provide him with a solid background not only now, but when he grows up in this country. Oxford Area. Apply Children's Officer, 103 Banbury Road, Oxford.

COUPLE offered share of fine house overlooking sea in return for light services. All amenities, pleasant surroundings, Saltdean, near Brighton. Box 365.

MIDDLE-aged married couple needing physical exercise wish to join private gym. class 1 or 2 evenings weekly. Box 383.

PHILOSOPHICALLY inclined discussion circle of middle-aged graduates & post-graduates seeks new members. Box 11270.

'POETRY and Audience' invites unpublished verse contributions. No payment. University Union, Leeds, 2.

ESTAB. Discussion Group Birmingham wd. welc. a few new members. Box 407.

ANTIQUE reflecting telescope for sale, £40. Phone FLAxman 9000.

LITERARY and Genealogical research – reasonable terms, quick service. Box 321.

SCULPTURE at Home. Stone Buddha head faithfully reproduced by King Rose. Wall or table mounting 5 gns. From Collets, 40 Great Russell St, WC1.

LAYTON Wine (Winter) list now out! Write 2a Duke Street (Manchester Square), W1. WEL. 8808. Try my wine bar.

STORIES and articles required for American Journals. Donald N. Craig, Holycross, Thurles, Ireland.

ROME. Independ. accom. in artist's flat. Res. cook-hsekpr, all comf., mod., v. cent. Busy person or creative worker prefd, poss. long period. EH, 20 via Romagnosi, Roma.

HOLIDAY Courses. The lovely House and grounds of Box Hill School at Mickleham, near Dorking in Surrey are available to Youth and other organisations in the Christmas, Easter and Summer holidays at reasonable rates for the purposes of courses, conferences etc. For full details apply to Sec., The Society for the Advancement of Human Abilities Ltd, 104/5 Salisbury House, Lon., EC2.

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HARPSICHORDS by William de Blaise may be inspected in the showrooms of the makers – Wheipdale, Maxwell & Codd Ltd, Bluthner House, 47 Conduit Street, London, W1. Particulars on application, Telephone REGent 7361.

PERSONAL—continued

GUITAR Course: Garfield-Howe group, 4-7 Dec., at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon; also 'Destiny of Man'.

THE Linguists' Club, London's International Centre, Niddry Lodge, Holland St, W8 (WES. 0989), & 20 Grosvenor Pl, SW1 (SLO 9595), for conversation & tuition.

THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St, WC1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and Reservists.

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INTELLIGENCE. May we test yours? Mensa needs more very bright people for its postal research panel. Send 9 in. × 4 in. s.a.e. to M.S.11, 'Sandringham', Briscoe Road, Rainham, Essex.

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HUMANISM – a modern outlook. There may be a group near you. Write Ethical Union, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, W8.

FOREIGN Languages on Records. Visaphone 9 LP records, 2 books in case. French or German £8 8s. Interpret holiday crses: 3 LP records, 2 books. French, Spanish, Italian or German £3 10s. Free trial, post-free. No dep. Barmerlea Book Sales, Ltd (Dept Visaphone, NS), 10 Bayley St, W1. MUS. 7223.

GUITAR Lessons. Classical. Chesnakov, 48a Cathcart Road, SW10. FLA. 4354.

FAMILY Planning Booklet and Price List free under sealed cover. Premier Laboratories (Box 46), 333 Gray's Inn Rd, WC1.

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FOREIGN girls, domest./willing avail. (1) 'au pair' (2) req. free board & lodg. in exch. 4 hrs help. (3) also paying sm. contrib. f. bd & lodg. and offer 2 hrs help. Eductour, 10 Exhibition Rd, SW7. KEN. 8806.

ALEXANDER Technique: Eric de Peyer, 7 Wellington Square, SW3. SLO. 3141.

4½% Interest (tax paid). Invest in a Society with a Proud Policy through The New Homes Building Society, 342 Richmond Rd, E. Twickenham. Chr. Anthony Marlowe.

QUAKERISM. Information respecting the Faith and Practice of the Religious Society of Friends (Quakers) free on application to the Friends Home Service Committee, Friends House, Euston Rd, Lon, NW1.

SPEECHES, books, house mags. Journalist writes confid., promptly. Box 10251.

STORIES wanted by the Agency Dept C.20 of British Institute of Fiction Writing Science Ltd, Chronicle House, Fleet St, EC4. We negotiate suitable work on a 15% of sales basis (no reading fee), unsuitable work returned with reasons for rejection. We also offer an interesting booklet giving details and fees for our Courses & Criticisms, and success letters from students.

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CONTINENT. Attract. posts for girls avail Eductour, 10 Exhibition Rd, London.

PHILIP Humphreys, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, S. Kensington, SW7. KEN. 8042.

FAMILY Planning. Send s.a.e. for list. Surgical Stores, 10a Dartmouth Rd, SE23

TV urgently needs scripts and you can be taught to write them. Apply Dept. 162, TV Writing School, 14 Sackville St, W1.

DUREX gloves and rubber surgical appliances sent under plain cover. Write or call for our free price list now. Fiertag, Dept N.N., 34 Wardour St, London, W1.

LONDON Contact Lens Centre, 66 New Cavendish Street, W1. Booklet sent. Also Oxford, Cambridge, Ipswich.

LECTURES, etc.—continued from p. 692

SERIES of Socialist Lectures: 2, 'Recent Developments in the Soviet Union.' Speaker E. Wilmott, Sunday 15 Nov. 7.30 p.m. Denison Hse, 296 Vauxhall Bridge Rd, (nr Victoria). Socialist Party of Great Britain.

BUDDHIST Society. Special Public Meeting at Caxton Hall, SW1. Wed. 18 Nov., 6.30: 'The Mahayana Theory of Dharma', Dr P. S. Jaini. Send 3s. to 58 Eccleston Square, SW1 for 'The Middle Way'. Information TAT. 1313.

'YOUR Lungs and Smoking', Dr Norman Macdonald, FRCP (Edin). Caxton Hall, Mon. 16 Nov., 7.30. 2s. 6d. London Natural Health Soc. Details: 70b Coniston Rd, N10.

YOGA of Meditation: Four Talks on Practical Yoga, 21 Nov. Caxton Hall, Westminster. 11.30, 1.30, 3.0, 4.45. Arr. Shanti Sadan, 29 Chepstow Villas, W11.

BAHAI World Faith. Meeting every Thurs. 7.45, 27 Rutland Gate, Knightsbridge.

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EVENING Lectures 'The Land of Britain: Is it used to the best agricultural advantage?', London weekly 20 Jan.-9 March. Speakers discuss Competing Claims on the Land of Britain; Land Use in Agriculture; The Large v. Small Farm, etc. Fee 15s., individual lectures 2s. 6d. Details: Association of Agriculture (C), 53 Victoria St, SW1. ABBey 6115.

DARTINGTON Music School, Director of music, Richard Hall, provides a full-time general musical education for performers & teachers with individual tuition in voice & instruments. In being residential the School offers exceptional facilities for chamber music, ensemble playing & choral singing. Scholarships are awarded. Prospectus from the Secretary, The Arts Centre, Dartington Hall, Totnes, S. Devon.

FRENCH Correspondence Courses: (1) Complete Course; (2) Basic French for Conversation; (3) Translation Courses. Lesson-by-lesson coaching by experienced French Teachers. Easy payments, combined class/correspondence courses. Send for Prospectus: Mentor, 11 Charing Cross Road, WC2.

PRIVATE tuition in Russian & Italian Language & Literature offered by Oxford graduate, 1st class Hons. Ring WIM. 4140.

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre, School of Foreign Languages & School of English for Foreign Nationals. Students' Club, 26-32 Oxford Street, LANgham 1005. All foreign languages in day and evng classes or private lessons, beginners & all grades. Daily classes in English and prep. for Cambridge Univ. Certificates. Short or long courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

HOME Preparation for Examinations. University Correspondence College, est. 1887, conducts tuition by postal lessons for General Certificate of Education (London, Oxford; Cambridge, Northern, and others), London University External Degrees (BA, BSc, BSc(Econ), LLB), ACP, LCP, Law and many other exams. Prospectus free from Registrar, 70 Burlington House, Cambridge.

THE Hobby of a Lifetime. Painting in Oils and Watercolours is a wonderful way to relax—gives you years of added enjoyment. Free Winsor and Newton set when you start. Apply for Free Book on ICS Home Study Course, International Correspondence Schools, Intertext House, Parkgate Road, Dept. P.2a, London, SW11.

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SECRETARIAL Training, especially for university graduates, and older students, six-month and intensive 14-week courses. Write Organising Secretary, Davies's, 2 Addison Road, W14. PARk 8392.

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LECTURES, COURSES, etc.—continued

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BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

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BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS—continued

'NEVER make acquaintances in coffee houses'—a sound tip from 'Hints on Etiquette' (1834), an ideal amusing Christmas gift. 4s. 9d. post paid from Turnstile Press, 10 Gt Turnstile, WC1.

LABOUR Monthly. Why? How? Whither? R. P. Dutt on the election and the future; Forty-Two Years, A. Rothstein; Japan Today, S. Nosaka. 1s. 6d. or 9s. half-yearly from Dept. NS, 134 Ballards Lane, N3.

'THE Linguist', the language monthly for experts, amateurs and intelligent beginners contains 'Typical Conversations' in seven languages, including Russian. 'Translator's Commentaries', Pages for Practice; articles, etc. £1 yearly. Specimen copy 1s. 6d. from The Linguist, 20 Grosvenor Place, SW1.

WHAT are the facts about homosexuality? Should the law be changed? Decide for yourself after reading 'Some Questions and Answers about Homosexuality', obtainable from The Albany Trust, 32 Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W1. Price 1s., postage 4½d.

CONTENTS of November 'Plebs': 'The General Election. Why the Top People Won', by J. P. M. Millar; 'Revolution in Kenya', by Frank Horrabin; 'As Shareholders See It', by Dr W. McLaine; 'A Postal Course General Election', by Christine Millar; 'The NCLC on Television'; 'Marxism and Darwinism'; by Anton Pannekoek; 'The Plebs League and the Ruskin Strike', by Dr W. McLaine; 'The History of the Stock Exchange'; 'This Wicked World'; 'The Labour MPs and Their Education', by Plebs; 'A Decidedly Dangerous Estate', by G. A. White; The Plebs Forum; Plebs is 6d; by post 8d, or 7s 6d a year, from the NCLC, Tillicoultry, Scotland.

S/HAND books, records, posted. Lists sent. Silverdale, 1142/6 Argyle St, Glasgow.

'WHICH?', the invaluable £1 Christmas present for yourself and others. Every month 'Which?' reports frankly and impartially on the goods you may want to buy. Annual subs. only £1 to Dept 6, Consumers' Assocn Ltd, 333 High Holborn, London, WC1.

MACMILLAN and Russia. Inside information from Emrys Hughes, MP, in 'Pilgrim's Progress in Russia'. 5s., pstge 5d; Bksellers or Housemans, 5 Caledonian Rd, N1.

PERSONAL attention given overseas orders all types of books. Poole-Bickford Trading, 22 Buckingham St, Strand, Lond., WC2.

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16 & 18 Nov. at 7.30 Salome
17 & 20 Nov. at 7.00 Boris Godunov (shortened version in 3 acts)
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19 Nov. at 7.30 Ondine
21 Nov. at 2.15 Coppelia, Facade
21 Nov. at 7.30 Pineapple Poll
Symphonic Variations
Daphnis and Chloe

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE
TER. 1672

OPERA SEASON
Evenings at 7.30

17 Nov. Cinderella (La Cenerentola)
18 & 20 Nov. Katya Kabanova
19 Nov. The Flying Dutchman
21 Nov. Don Giovanni

MEYERBEER'S 'Les Huguenots'. Intro. by Peter G. Foster, assisted by mems cast recent revival. Sun. 29 Nov. at 8 p.m., 4 St James's Sq., SW1. Partics: Hon. Sec., Opera Circle, 69 Kensington Court, W8. WES. 7513.

THEATRES

ARTS. TEM. 3334. Last perfs. Tdy & Sun. 5 & 8. 'My Friend Judas'. Mems.

IRVING. WHI. 8557. Glamour & Girls. Now in its 4-yr. Cont. revue fr. 2.30, Sun. 4. Call/send 27s. 6d. for mems' ticket.

ROYAL Court. SLO. 1745. Lst pfs Tdy 5 & 8.15. Serjeant Musgrave's Dance. 'Rare theatrical magic'. Dly Mail. Com. 18 Nov. Ibsen's 'Rosmersholm'.

EURIPIDES. Philip Vellacott's translation of 'The Bacchae', Rudolf Steiner Theatre, 21, 23, 24 Nov., 7.30. 3s. 6d. & 4s. 6d. Advance bookings: J. Logan, 38 Upwood Rd, SE12.

TH. Royal, E15. MAR. 5973. 8, Sat. 5 & 8. 'Make Me An Offer', by W. Mankowitz.

TOWER. 7.30. 12, 13, 14 Nov. O'Casey's 'Juno and The Paycock'. 20, 21, 22 (mems), 26, 27, 28 Nov. Ben Jonson's 'The Alchemist'. Book now CAN. 3475 (9-6) and CAN. 5111 (6-8.30) Canonbury, N1.

UNITY. EUS. 5391. Fri. St. Sn. 7.45. 'Anna Christie' – West Indian Cast. Mems.

CONCERTS

SATURDAY, 21 Nov., 7.30, Mary Ward Settlement, 5 Tavistock Place, WC1. Concert in commem. of Purcell's Death (21 Nov.). Purcell: Ode 'Come Ye Sons of Art'; Jeremiah Clarke & Henry Hall: 2 Odes on Purcell's Death. Soloists, choir, orch.; cond.: W. Bergmann. Tkts 4s. from Registrar/at door.

HORNIMAN Museum, London Road, Forest Hill, SE23 – Free Concerts, Wednesday evenings at 7.45: 18 November, Folk Songs of Many Lands: Engel Lund and Ferdinand Ruater. 25 November, Syrinx to Saxophone (A History of Wood Wind): James MacGillivray and Joan Rimmer. Seats may be reserved on application to the Curator. Light refreshments available 7-7.40 p.m. (1918.)

ENTERTAINMENTS

ROYAL FESTIVAL HALL
(Recital Room)
Plato Films Ltd presents
four special recitals of
BRECHT
Poems, Songs, Play Excerpts, etc. (English Synopsis) by distinguished artists in person from the Democratic Republic of East Germany.
ERNST BUSCH, WOLFGANG HEINZ & PETER FISCHER
of the Berliner Ensemble
GISELA MAY
& WOLFGANG LANGHOFF
of the Deutsches Theater
Music by Eisler & Weill
Wednesday, 18 Nov., 6.30 & 8.30 p.m.
Thursday 19 Nov., 6.30 & 8.30 p.m.
Tickets (reserved 7s. 6d., 5s., from RFH, Box Office WATerloo 3191

ACADEMY (GER. 2981). Daily 11 a.m. (Ex. Suns). The Comedie Francaise in Moliere's Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme (U).

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. Films by Fellini. Until 15 Nov.: 'I Vitelloni' (A). From 16 Nov.: Masina in 'La Strada' (A). 'Nice Time' (Free Cinema) (A).

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Dancing to Don Simmons' Group, Today, Saturday, 14 Nov., 8-11 p.m. Mems. 3s., their guests 5s.

OVER 25's Dances, Fri., Constitutional Hall, Hammersmith Rd, W6. Sat., Unicorn, Jermyn St, W1. Write M. Whelan, 54 Agnes Rd, W3.

ENTERTAINMENTS—continued

IN aid of World Refugee Year, Special Performance of United Nations Films 'Power Among Men' and 'The Camp'. Personal appearance of Yul Brynner. Royal Festival Hall, Mon. 23 Nov., at 8 p.m. 3s. 6d., 5s., 7s. 6d., 10s. Box Office and Agents.

OBRAZTSOV (Russian Puppet-Master from Moscow) 'I have seldom seen anything wittier or more technically perfect'—New Statesman. Presented by the Society for Cultural Relations with the USSR: four special recitals. Royal Festival Hall (Recital Room), Thursday, 10 December, 6.30 and 8.30 p.m. (Reserved tickets from Monday next, 15s., 10s., 5s. Box Office WAT. 3191.) Wigmore Hall, Saturday, 12 December, 6.30 and 8.30 p.m. (Reserved tickets 15s., 10s., 5s. Box Office WEL. 2141.)

FULL-length film 'The Juggler', with Kirk Douglas, made in Israel, at Liberal Jewish Synagogue, 28 St John's Wood Road, London, NW8, Sunday, 15 November, 8.15 p.m. Admission free.

THE International Folk Music Centre invites you to a Rumanian Evening. Films, Dancers, etc., Fri., 13 Nov., 7.30, Prince of Wales Rooms (1 min. Covent Gdn Underground). Mems 1s. 6d., non-mems 2s. 6d.

EXHIBITIONS

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Architects' Choice. A selection from the collections of modern British Architects. Until 28 Nov. Daily 10-6. Sats 10-1. Adm. 1s. Members free.

THE Vikings and their Ancestors. Exhibition from the National Museum of Denmark. 19-28 Nov. 10 a.m.-6 p.m. daily except Sunday. Admission Free. The Danish Centre, 2/3 Conduit St, W1.

LIPCHITZ: Sculpture. An Arts Council exhibition. Tate Gallery. Till 16 December. Mon. Wed. Fri. Sat. 10-6; Tues & Thurs. 10-8; Sun. 2-6. Admission 2s. 6d.

DUNOYER De Segonzac: Drawings, watercolours & engravings. An Arts Council exhibition. Royal Academy Diploma Gallery. Till 29 November. Weekdays 10-6; Sun. 2-6. Admission 2s. 6d.

PUSHKIN Club, 46 Ladbroke Grove, W11. Exhibition of works by M. V. Dobujinsky, 'Russia, Europe, America'. Open to public 18-28 Nov. Mon., Wed., Fri., 1-6 p.m. Tues., Thurs., Sat., Sun. 1-8 p.m.

IMPRESSIONS of Moscow: exhibition of water colours by Madeleine E. Anderson. 10 a.m. to 6 p.m., Mons to Fris to 1 Dec. at SCR, 14 Kensington Sq W8. Adm. free.

DRIAN Gallery, 7 Porchester Place, Marble Arch, W2. Paintings by Pharr, till 22 Nov. Paintings by Lacasse, 17 Nov.-5 Dec. 10-6 daily.

GALLERY One, 20 D'Arblay St, W1. (GER. 3529.) F. N. Souza from 3 Nov.

ST George's Gallery Prints. Edwin La Dell – The Oxford and Cambridge Eight – lithographs & associated gouaches. 3-28 Nov., 10-6, Sats 10-1. 7 Cork St, W1. REG. 3660.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St George Street, W1. Sculpture – Tellem & Dogon from French Sudan. Until 21 Nov. Daily 10-5.30, Sats. 10-1.

KAPLAN Gallery. 'Bella Brisel' Paintings, until 28 Nov. 6 Duke St, St James's.

MARLBOROUGH Gallery, 17-18 Old Bond St. W1. 'Art in Revolt: Germany 1905-1925'. Chagall, Kirchner, Klee, Kokoschka, Marc, etc. In aid of World Refugee Year. Admn 2s. 6d. Students 1s. Daily 10-5. Sat. 10-12.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, W1. Recent paintings Elsa Vaudrey; Paintings by Soulages. Hours 10-6. Sat. 10-1. Closes 20 November.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork St, W1. Leonard Rosoman & Jacob Bornfriend: Recent Paintings. 10-5.30; Sats 10-1. Closing 21 Nov.

NUDES of Jean Straker – Photography 12-9, 5s. Visual Arts, 12 Soho Sq., W1.

WADDINGTON Galleries, recent sculpture Trevor Bates, 10-6. Sats 10-1. At 2 Cork St, W1.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, NW1. The Microscope and Zoology in the Nineteenth Century: Electricity in the Service of Medicine, and other exhibitions Mon-Fri., 10-5. Admission free.

WOODSTOCK Gallery, 16 Woodstock St, W1. MAYfair 4419. Paintings by Jeannette Jackson & The Quinton Group 16 Nov.-5 Dec., Garcia-Llort till 28 Dec., Janet Green 30 Nov.-5 Dec. Wkdays 10-6, Sats 10-1.

ZWEMMER'S, 26 Litchfield St, WC2. New Ptgs & Drws, Peter Coker. Till 19 Nov.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

LEICESTER Galleries, Leicester Sq. John Piper, Ben Shahn and etchings and lithos by 19th & 20th century masters. 10-5.30, Sats 10-1. Until 19 November.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: Kasimir Malevich 1878-1935. Last day 15 November. Weekdays 11-6; Sunday 2-6. Admission free. Adjoins Aldgate East Station.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

LONDON NEW LEFT CLUB
formerly Universities & Left Review Club
Monday, 16 November: 7.30 for 8 p.m.
THE YOUNGER GENERATION:
Gerald Gardiner QC
Mahatma Gandhi Hall, Fitzroy Square, W1. (Two minutes Warren St Station)
Admission 2s. 6d. Members: 1s.

MEMBERS' MEETING 8 p.m. Left Book Centre, 7 Carlisle St, W1, Sun., 15 Nov.

Stop the COLOUR BAR by Education and Legislation.
Sat. 21 November, Friends House, Euston Road, NW1, 2.45 p.m. Speakers: Mrs Paul Robeson, Mr Ted Braithwaite, Mr Neil Lawson, QC, Dr David Pitt. Chair.: Malcolm B. Purdie. Delegates and visitors' tickets 2s. 6d. Delegate Conference organised by The National Council for Civil Liberties, 293 New King's Road, SW6. (REN. 2254.)

UNIVERSITY College, London, Gower St, WC1. Lunch Hour Lectures, 1.15-2. Admission free. 17 Nov. 'Eternal Damnation in the Seventeenth Century' by Dr D. P. Walker; 19 Nov. 'The Abominations of Leviticus XI (an anthropologist's interpretation)' by Dr M. Mary Douglas.

UNIVERSITY of London: The Stamp Memorial Lecture, entitled 'Towards a Modern Monetary Standard', will be delivered by Dr Per Jacobsson (Chairman of the Executive Board and Managing Director, International Monetary Fund) at 5.30 p.m. on 19 November at the University of London, Senate House, WC1. Admission free, without ticket. James Henderson, Academic Registrar.

DELEGATES and visitors from Labour Parties, trade union branches, mines, docks, Co-op. parties, Labour Youth sections, some of Britain's largest engineering factories and peace organisations are coming to the National Assembly of Labour, St Pancras Town Hall, on Sunday, 15 November, at 10 a.m. Delegates' credentials on application. Visitors' tickets (2s. each) from Secretary, National Assembly of Labour, 186 Clapham High St, SW4. Tel. MAC. 7029.

PROF. R. M. Titmuss: 'What Sort of Society?'. Fabian Post-Election Lecture, Wed. 18 Nov. 7.15, Livingstone Hall (nr St James's Park Stn).

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. Weekend School: Who Governs London? Speakers: Peter Self, Hugh Jenkins, W. G. Fiske. 14 Nov., 2.30, 15 Nov., 10.30 & 2.30, Asquith Room, 2 Soho Square. Admission 5s. or 2s. 6d. per session.

CENTRAL Africa: Basil Davidson, 4.30 p.m. Sat. 21 Nov. 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, W8. (Kensington High St.) 45th Anniversary Union of Democratic Control.

NATIONAL Book League is holding meetings on 30 November, 1, 2 and 3 December from 6.00-8.00 p.m., especially for the Under Thirties, to discuss possible projects towards the encouragement of wider reading and to arrange future meetings, forums, talks, etc. Admission free; non-members should write to the Accountant, 7 Albemarle Street, W1, for free one-day membership cards by 25 November.

'THE Present Theosophical Movement'. Pub. Lect. Sun. 15 Nov. 8 p.m. Free lit. s.a.e. ULT. 62 Queen's Gdns, W2. PAD. 0688.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gardens, W11. PARk 7696. Fri. 13 Nov., 8 p.m. K. S. Makovsky: 'The Development of Apollon'. (Blok, V. Ivanov, Kuzmin, etc.) in Russian. Fri. 20 Nov., 8 p.m. 'Visual Impressions of Russia by recent visitors'. At 46 Ladbroke Grove, W11. Tues. 17 Nov., 8 p.m. K. S. Makovsky: 'Last Years of Soloviev – Personal Reminiscences'. Sun. 15 Nov., 4 p.m. at French Institute, Queensberry Place, SW7. Soviet Russian Films – 'Poem of the Sea' (Dovzhenko); 'When the Spirit Soars in Flight' (Soviet Ballet).

ISLAM and Peace. Vedanta Movement. Faiths and Fellowship Meetings, 13 Nov. 7.30 p.m. Caxton Hall.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

BRIZE Norton to Oxford March. Sunday, 29 Nov. one-day march leaving USAF/RAF H-bomber patrol base, Brize-Norton, Oxon. at 10 a.m. (coaches from Oxford) preceded by 24-hr Vigil at the gates. All enquiries to Sec., Oxford Area CND, 88 Southfield Rd, Oxford.

ARCHBISHOP Roberts, SJ, on The Bomb. Friends Hse, Euston Wed. 18 Nov. 7.30.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. The 50's. A. Alvarez, 'Poetry in the 50's'. Chairman: John Bodley. Tuesday, 17 November, 6.30 p.m. Admission 3s. Members free.

COLLET'S 1959-60 Series of Talks: John Berger, art critic, on 'Why Soviet Artists should Study Picasso''. Tuesday 24 November, 7.30-10 p.m. Caxton Hall, Westminster. Tickets: 2s. each from Collets London Bookshop, 64/66 Charing Cross Rd, WC2.

REGIONAL Planning Study Day, 21 November, 10 a.m., LSE. Sargant Florence, A. G. Powell, M. J. Wise, Colin Clark, P. Self, B. Anstey, J. H. Westergaard, will discuss 'Economic Forces leading to Urban Concentration'. Admission 5s. Enquiries: MUS. 0974, Ext. 19.

SERGEI Obraztsov will be the chief speaker at the SCR 35th Anniversary Meeting, Mahatma Gandhi Hall, Fitzroy Square, W1, 9 Dec., 7.30 p.m. Tickets 2s. 6d. from SCR, 14 Kensington Sq., W8.

ADLERIAN Society inaugural lecture, 'The Free Family', by Paul Ritter, Mon., 16 Nov., 7.30 punctually, Alliance Hall, Palmer St, SW1. Non-members 2s. 6d. (Students 1s.)

CONWAY Discussions. S. Place Ethical Soc. Red Lion Sq., WC1. Tues. 7.15 p.m. 17 Nov. Michael Lines, 'A Policy for Disarmament – A Way to Permanent Peace?'.

A. ALVAREZ speaks on 'Poetry and Criticism in America' in 4th of USIS Autumn Lecture Series, Thurs., 19 Nov. 8 p.m. in USIS Library, 41 Grosvenor Sq.

FRIDAY, 13 November, 8 p.m., 'Community in the New Towns': Peter Willmott (Inst. of Community Studies), John Hayes (National Tenants' Assoc.), G. Brooke-Taylor (PRO, Hemel Hempstead). Chair.: Bill Holdsworth. Quality House (Co-op.) Restaurant, Marlowes, Hemel Hempstead.

STRESS and Disease. Two lectures by H. R. Beech, Ph.D, BA, Dip. Psych., and Dr J. Dominion, BA, MB, B.Chir., MRCP, at 3 and 5 p.m. on Saturday, 14 November, at Goldsmiths' College, Lewisham Way, SE14 (TID. 2266). Fee 1s. per lecture: tickets in advance or at door. Further details on applicn.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre, 68 Dukes Ave., Muswell Hill, N10; Swami Ghanananda, Suns 5 p.m. Upanishads. Swami Ghanananda, Thurs. 19 Nov. 7.30, Kingsway Hall, Holborn: 'What Evolves in Man & the Universe?' Vedanta mag. 2s. 6d.

IWC London Branch, Fri., 20 Nov., 8.30. 'Old Japan' (film). Mr S. Taniguchi. 62 Queen's Gdns, W2. PAD. 0688. Public Lecture. Free.

S. PLACE Ethical Soc. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Sun. 11 a.m. 15 Nov. Mrs Dorothy Pickles, MA, 'The New France; How New?' Write for free 'Monthly Record'. Chamber Music Concert 6.30 p.m.

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St, W8, Sun. 15 November, 6.30 Music & Readings; 7 p.m. 'The Christian Way of Life'. F. H. A. Micklewright.

LECTURES, etc.—cont. on page 891

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